THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NOT WITHOUT WITNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, not without a witness has He left him,
E'en in the humblest spot;
Love must be cold and faith be very dim,
If we behold Him not.

The frailest blade of grass, the tiniest flower,
To which the spring gives birth,
Tell of the Resurrection and the life,—
The Ruler of the earth.

Not without witness while the Heavens above,
With all their starry host,
Talk night by night, of His enduring love,
His matchless wisdom boast.

From all the ages doth the martyr's voice,
Witness for Jesus' sake,
And on the rack, and in the flame rejoice
With Him to thus partake.

Oh may he place within this heart of mine
A witness of His love,
And on my forehead write the mystic sign
Which angels know above!

EMELINE CLARK.

THE UNKIND WORD.

A New Story

BY MISS MULOCH,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

(CONCLUDED.)

In Two Parts.—Part I.—(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

When, on a fearfully wet and foggy night—the sort of night which, dreary anywhere, is unutterably dreary in Glasgow—the five forlorn travellers reached Jessie's home in Blythswood Square, they found that Mr. Raeburn had been five days absent from it—and, strange to say, that Maurice Wyvill had never made his appearance there at all!

After that first hour of unspeakable dread, ensued days and weeks of slow suspense and dull misery; lessened and relieved by accidental gleams of hope, for human nature can only endure a certain amount of pain, either temporarily throwing it off, or sinking under it entirely. For awhile the excitement kept them up somehow; the perpetual uncertainty, the inquiries started in all directions, with no lack of ingenuity—or money either, for Uncle Raeburn came out then, generously and freely to a limitless extent, as close-fisted Scotchmen, when once touched, continually do. And there was the sympathy of friends—nay, even of common acquaintances, roused into friendship by the pitifulness of the story, which circulated far and wide, as such a mysterious and melancholy history was sure to do, rousing up to light a number of other stories, which people always hear of when something similar happens to themselves. Common the fact is not—thank Heaven!—in our civilized community, where "murder will out" however closely hid, and where any strange accident evokes universal publicity—yet many cases have happened, of individuals suddenly vanishing from the midst of friends and neighbors, with no likely reason for their disappearance, no clue to their possible fate; slipping out of the whirl of ordinary life as completely as if the earth had opened her mouth and swallowed them up—to be never heard of more.

Any who have undergone, or even come nigh unto such an agony, will acknowledge that to weep over the saddest death-bed, to sit beside the most untimely grave—to be smitten as by a thunderbolt with the tidings, mercifully made certain and sure, of some beloved one passing from the measurable distance of a foreign land into the immeasurable, yet, perchance, scarcely further distance of the land unseen—is actual happiness compared to the calamity which befell the Wyvills and Raeburns—including Mr. Wyvill and Mr. Raeburn, no longer at variance now.

The blow fell heavily upon each and all, but heaviest upon those who were expected to feel it least—Jessie and Richard. The former took it quietly at first—indeed throughout; Jessie was always quiet. But the color faded, slowly and entirely, out of her pretty soft cheek; her small figure grew thin and spare: she seemed within a few months—nay, a few weeks—to wither up into a little old maid, who might have been any age between twenty and forty. And so she remained—and remains still.

For poor Dick, after the first excitement was over, when weeks, months, slipped by, and still Maurice was never heard of, he sank into the depression of utter repentance—say rather remorse, which is repentance with no hope of atonement. The last "unkind word," which there was no unsaying now, and which perhaps had goaded Maurice on to that Glasgow journey in which, by some unknown means or other, he met his end, rested on the poor boy's memory with a morbid weight. He harped upon it continually; nothing ever seemed to take it out of his mind; he seemed to feel almost as if he, and none but he, had been the death of his brother.

As a matter of course, Richard now took the place of oldest and only son. There was now no rivalry possible either at home or abroad, no jealousy of Maurice's handsomer face or pleasanter manner,—the inexpressible charm which made him, as is sure to be the case, more loved, because more loveable. All these things were for ever passed away, and Richard would have given worlds to have had them back again in all their bitterness, if he could but have had Maurice also back once more.

It is good sometimes to be absent—better still, perhaps, to be dead—as regards our own imperfectness, and our equally imperfect friends. How they rise up and praise us for virtues we never possessed, and benignly pardon us for sins we never committed! How tender over our memories grow those who, living, worried our lives out, and might do the same again if we were alive to-morrow. Ay, in spite of the poet's touching verse—more touching than true, perhaps—

"I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a time when all would grow smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To return and be forgiven."

But whether he were dead or not, there was no need to forgive poor Maurice. In his short life of twenty years he had done little harm, and in his mysterious and terrible fate, any trifling faults he had were totally obscured and obliterated. He who, had he not been so suddenly and awfully snatched from among them, might have kept his place as an ordinarily good elder brother—full of failings, doubtless, but well-liked on the whole—was now exalted into a family idol. The sisters, who used to snub and scold him—the selfish father, who had neglected, almost ignored him—the brother, who had quarrelled with him, almost daily, and yet could never get on without him—now mourned for Maurice with an anguish unrestrained, and worshipped him with a passionate love, the wilder and sadder that it came too late.

There never seemed to enter the family mind—what crossed strangers' minds, and mouths too, not seldom; only, with the curious tenderness that any deep tragedy awakens in even the worldliest part of "the world," nobody ever hinted it to the Wyvills themselves—that the lad might have been himself to blame in his disappearance. That, having fallen under some sudden temptation, he might have committed some ill deed, which made him dread to meet his father's face: or, with the mingled thoughtlessness and selfishness of his age, might have taken a fit of boyish adventurousness, and shipped himself off somewhere to America or Australia—just for fun.

Of his being murdered there seemed far less probability, seeing he had little or no money about him. He had never appeared at the Glasgow Bank at all; and it was very unlikely any murder could have been committed, undiscovered, in that city, whither, with a fatal persistency, his family were convinced he had gone. They were the more settled in this belief by the additional evidence of the stoker of the Glasgow boat, who remembered—the captain remembered nothing—having that day spoken to a young gentleman, fair-haired and pleasant, who came and looked down into the engine-room, as, with an agony of fond recollection, they knew Maurice, who had a turn for machinery, was particularly fond of doing.

So, in all their searching, they never searched, or only very superficially, the mountains round the cottage, or the spot on the hill-road where Diarmid Beg had encountered the lad—of which encounter the fisherman now spoke very charily, believing it to be the youth's fetch and "no himself ava." And when, in the midst of winter—which fell very early that year—the tidings came, slowly as tidings always do come to these remote highland regions, that the poor young Englishman had never been seen more, Diarmid and his neighbors, slow to take in new ideas, and equally slow to put them together, merely shook their heads with "Eh, but it's awfu'!"—"The bonnie lad!" but made no inquiries of any kind.

So, in a little while more, the mountains wrapped themselves in their grand familiar winter snows, and the storms swept over the little lone cottage on the shore, where the family of the Wyvills had spent that merry month. And at last, when hope was dying, almost dead in their hearts—though the girls still resolutely refused to put on mourning—they left Scotland, and all went home together to Wyvill Court—without Maurice.

The strange story of the poor lost lad was talked of all that winter at Glasgow dinner-parties; and Jessie Raeburn was pointed at in church or in the street—she never went anywhere else—as, "Yon's his cousin—his sweetheart, some say."

But whether she was or was not Maurice's "sweetheart," Jessie never betrayed, and nobody knew. She lived her ordinary life, faithfully doing its duties: attending to her uncle, and keeping his large splendid house in order, neither sinking into bodily illness nor mental depression. Only people noticed, the few people whose society she shared—that the hall-bell never rang, the parlor-door never opened, the handfull of post-letters never arrived, without Jessie Raeburn turning with a start and a slight tremble of expectation—as if even yet, though

THE TIN CASE.

weeks grew into months, and months into years, she had not given up all hope, but was patiently waiting on for him who never came.

PART II.—CHAPTER I.

Wyvill Court lay on the western side of one of the most beautiful of the beautiful Yorkshire dales. It was a comparatively small estate, and the mansion was likewise small; built of the grey stone of the district, plain and old-fashioned within and without. For the Wyvills had been one of those ancient impoverished Roman Catholic families which are still found, here and there, in the wilds of the north country; poor and proud; clinging tenaciously to their ancestral faith, until the last owner, in giving up Catholicism, had sunk into that pitiful moral and mental condition only too common in the beginning of the present century, satirically called Nothingarianism.

But he was dead now, the grim, eccentric, selfish old man, who had broken his wife's heart, and never won, in the smallest degree, the hearts of his children. Yet, strange as it may appear, he never seemed to recover the blow to his pride—it could hardly be his affections—given by the disappearance or death, whichever people chose to call it, of his eldest son.

For Maurice Wyvill never came home. From that fatal 30th of September, when he was seen by Diarmid McDiarmid, hurrying down to meet the Glasgow boat, no light had been thrown on his mysterious fate. He was searched for everywhere: advertised for periodically in England, Scotland, and even the colonies: rewards large enough to have tempted any man, not his actual murderer, were offered for any clue to him, living or dead, but all in vain.

When, after a lapse of four years, the father died, many difficulties arose. Wyvill Court was strictly entailed, and until clear evidence could be obtained of the death of the eldest son, the younger could inherit nothing. It was only by some ingenious legal arrangements, made to suit the emergencies of this novel and most painful case, and in the hope that Maurice, should he ever reappear, would act with the generosity befitting his character when a boy, that Richard was installed temporary master at Wyvill Court, maintaining his three sisters there upon the small income that was available. For Mr. Wyvill, like many other selfish men, had complicated all troubles by dying intestate, and the girls were wholly dependant upon the heir. So poor Dick, heir and yet not heir, cramped on all hands by innumerable perplexities, could only live on sufferance at his ancestral home, unable to take legal possession of it himself, and, worst of all, unable to adorn it, as his forefathers had always been eager to do, with a wife. For early marriages had long been the hereditary blessing, as the last late marriage had been the misfortune, of the Wyvill family.

Whether Richard wanted to marry or not, he never betrayed. Since his brother's loss, his natural reserve had grown to an almost morbid extent. He attempted no profession: perhaps he had the sense to feel he was not clever enough to succeed therein, and trade was impossible to a Wyvill. So both during his father's lifetime and afterwards, he "hung about" at home, shooting, fishing, or dabbling in agriculture, to which, if he had any bias at all, his taste inclined: he was aborn country gentleman.

Almost his only absences from home were periodical visits, at long intervals, to Glasgow; but he never asked his sisters to accompany him, and was as incommunicative about his uncle and cousin, with whom he was supposed to stay, as he was about most other things. He was not a pleasant young man, and there seemed some curious twist in his nature, growing more perceptible every year, which made his sisters, while they respected him sincerely, find it difficult to love him. At least, with that warmth of love which they had felt, or now believed they had, towards his elder brother.

A chapter since I said, and not untruly, that it is good sometimes to be absent—better still to be dead. That is, for the absent and the dead: but also, in a mysterious secondary sense, for the survivors. Many a man's death earns for him far more love, and exercises a far wider influence for good, than his life might have done. Ever since Maurice's—death they still refused to call it, but his—departure, the memory of him, and the anguish of his loss, had brought into his family a warmer, kindlier, softer atmosphere: more patience, more forbearance; more clinging together, as if they felt the slenderness of the links that bound them to one another, and walked always in the solemn shadow of that death which overhangs all mortal life; though, alas! we are so prone to forget it; so prone to live as though we were never to die.

The girls had been good girls to their old father until his death: they had nothing to reproach themselves with on that score: and when Jessie Raeburn had to follow their example, and devote herself exclusively and engrossingly to her old uncle, they did not reproach her, even though it prevented what, in the absence of all intimate female friends, they would very well have liked—visits to her at Glasgow, or her visits to them at Wyvill Court. There was scarcely an obvious reason for the fact—yet a fact it was,—that ever since that Highland journey with its terrible ending, Jessie and her cousins (excepting Richard) had never once met:—and now little Jessie was Miss Raeburn of Blythswood Square and Woodhousedea; heiress to Uncle Raeburn's uncounted wealth, which, by some crotchet which no one either blamed or much wondered at, he had left to her, and her alone.

Her cousins, though they might have been a little disappointed, since they stood in exactly the same relationship to him, legally speaking, as herself, behaved very well. The Wyvill pride accepted its position, and was too proud to feel or to express envy, or to shrink from Jessie because she was rich and independent. They, poor girls, had scarcely wherewithal to clothe themselves, or to keep up anything like the decent dignity expected from the Miss Wyvills of Wyvill Court; still less, to suppose that any one in their own rank of life would marry them—though Emma and Jane were both handsome girls; but young men of this day have sometimes an eye to money, even in primitive Yorkshire dales.

At last, a poor young parson came, who loved Emma, poor as she was also; and then the high spirit of Richard Wyvill, ay, and of Agnes too—the unselfish and motherly Agnes—writhed under new vexations. No settlements could be made; for who was to make them? So closely was the estate tied up—waiting the possible reappearance of the heir, (or his heirs; for who knew but that some son of Maurice's might one day make claim to the property?)—that it was with difficulty enough money could be got at to ensure a decent marriage outfit to the daughter of the Wyvills of Wyvill Court. Emma could hardly have been married at all, had not Jessie Raeburn stepped forward and claimed her cousinly right liberally to portion the bride; doing it so sweetly, so delicately, that even Richard had not the heart to stand in the way. Possibly his own heart felt how cruel the position was, and responded to the earnest manner in which Jessie put the matter in her letter, which enclosed a cheque for several hundreds, addressed to Emma, in an envelope containing merely the well-known lines from Burns:—

"Oh, why should Fate sic pleasure have
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as Love
Depend on Fortune's shining?"

It was on the occasion of this marriage that, after long years, Jessie revisited Wyvill Court.

Spring was creeping greenly over the bleak Yorkshire dale, and, in spite of the wild equinoctial winds, primroses were peeping out round the roots of the old oaks, and forget-me-nots blossoming in hundreds by the river—the bright, daring, rapid river, whose course could be tracked along the dale for miles and miles—when Jessie came, a woman of seven-and-twenty, to the house where she had last been as a mere child, patronized by the girls, and domineered over by the two boys. And with that uncomfortableness of expectation with which people who know themselves changed, and expect equal change in others, prepare for a meeting long delayed, desiring it, and yet wishing it over—did Agnes, Emma, and Jane Wyvill stand watching for the carriage in which their brother was bringing Jessie Raeburn to the old familiar place. It was visible at last, crawling up the steep road; and then a little figure, all in black, alighted, and toiled, Richard following though not assisting, up the weary half mile; but still the sisters were too nervous to do anything but quietly wait.

"I wonder if she is altered?"

"Dick says, not much," observed Emma. "Dick likes her very much, I am sure; he always did. So did dear Maurice."

"Ah! yes, and she was very fond of Maurice."

"I wonder," remarked Emma again, with an acuteness doubtless born of her own happy lot, "whether Richard would like to marry Jessie. It has struck me so sometimes."

"Don't speak of such a thing," said Agnes angrily—Agnes, in whom the sore circumstances of the family had sharpened and exaggerated a strong inbred pride. "What, she with all her money, and he with not a penny! He could not do it. If you ever hint at such folly, I shall wish we had never asked her here."

"I shouldn't call it folly, if he loved her, and she loved him," cried Emma, spurred on to honest warmth by the thought of her own faithful and honest partner. "But, anyhow, I'll hold my tongue."

And then the traveller came close in sight, and the three ran out to meet her—the same Jessie who had kept house with them in that merry Highland cottage—wandered with them over mountain and moors—shared with them in that terrible home-coming, and in the weeks of agonized search for him who was never found; Jessie, so little changed that at sight of her face the old time came over them like a flood, and they all wept together—those three almost middle-aged women, as if they had been girls still, and all had happened but yesterday.

However, such emotion could not be very lasting; and after a few hours they put aside the unutterable past, and settled down into their present selves. Soon, pleasant daily interests seemed to obliterate those so painful to dwell on. Emma was married—gayly, grandly; and after that, for a week or two longer, Jessie stayed on;—she seeming happy with them, and they trying their best to make agreeable to her the old-fashioned dreariness of Wyvill Court. Still, in some things it was a trying visit. When people have been parted for six years—moving in total-

ly different spheres, and engrossed with totally distinct interests—a division, wilder than either years or distance could effect, often comes between them. In vain the cousins rambled together through Wyvill woods; gathered primroses and hyacinths, and tried to fancy themselves girls again—it would not do. Life's forward footstep has no returning. A new life may come—far higher than the past—richer, fuller, more heart-sufficing; but the old life comes never again.

It was almost a relief when—rather suddenly at last—Jessie said she must go home, and went; parting from the girls very affectionately; but still making no plans for another meeting—at least not immediately. When she was gone, Richard, who had throughout her whole visit kept himself rather uncomfortably aloof, sank into more than his usual reserve and taciturnity.

One marriage often makes more: and before the summer ended, the young parson's best man came back and courted the pretty bridesmaid Jane. Again Cousin Jessie insisted on making her wealth common property, and portioning the other sister—"exactly as Maurice would have done if he were here." So she expressed it in her letter, and repeated afterwards when she came to Wyvill Court. But her visit this time was brief, embracing only the wedding-day and the day after. She said her "engagements" prevented her longer stay. And after the first day Agnes ceased to urge it. With all her sweetness, there was about Miss Raeburn a degree of firmness—ill-natured people might say independence of character—which made it perfectly clearly that she had, in small things and great, the power of making up her own mind, and keeping to it. Besides, Agnes sometimes stealthily watched her brother Richard—his hard, set face, his nervous, restless manner—and she let Jessie Raeburn go.

It was the night after she was gone—the first night the brother and sister had ever spent together, they two alone—that Agnes first ventured, tremblingly, upon a subject which had caused her anxious thought for a long while. She did so with much hesitation—being a good deal afraid of it, and of Richard: but anything was better than suspense. Besides, lately, with her sharpened experience, she had felt so certain of one thing—of two things, bitterly conflicting with one another, and neutralizing any possibility of a happy future, or of matters going on much longer in the way they stood now—that she felt it more than her desire, her absolute duty, to try and speak out.

"Jessie will have about reached Carstairs by this time."

"Yes," said Richard, without looking up from his book.

"She seems extremely well and cheerful; and how young she looked in her bridesmaid's dress—almost pretty. Didn't you think so?"

"Yes," reiterated the brother, and vouchsafed no more.

"Richard," said Agnes, repressing a wild spasm at her heart, "I have been thinking—I hope your marriage will be the next in the family. If you could find some nice, pretty girl in your own position—neither too rich nor too poor, (though I would rather she were poor than rich—it would be dreadful if anybody were to say a Wyvill married for money)—I should be glad, extremely glad, to give up my place here, and see the family name kept up, the family happiness complete."

Agnes faltered—stopped; her heart was full. Richard replied no a word.

"I think it is time you married, Richard; I do really. Hitherto I knew you could not afford it; but now there is only me, and I shall cost you very little; I can live anywhere. You would be perfectly safe, even if Maurice did come back. And oh! Dick, I would so like you to be happy."

She went over and put her arms round his neck, and then all poor Richard's reserve broke down.

He told his sister—to her unutterable pain, grief, almost indignation—ay, even though she had guessed it before, but it looked so much blacker when condensed by his own confession from a cloudy conjecture into an absolute fact—that the only woman in the world who could make him happy was Jessie Raeburn.

"I have been fond of her all my life, and yet I couldn't ask her. Her horrible money!—five thousand a year I think it is. Agnes, I couldn't, you know."

"It is well you did not," said Agnes, sharply and sternly; "for she would never have married you. "I am quite sure of that."

"Why not?" cried Dick, who is the sort of man that contradiction always rouses into resistance.

"I don't know. Do not look at me so, for indeed I don't; and yet I am sure of it. You will never get her."

"I'll try," said Richard, hoarsely, and began marching up and down the long, low, dark, oaken room, in stronger emotion than Agnes had ever seen in him since the day of his brother's loss. "Upon my life and soul, I'll try!"

And nothing would persuade him otherwise. Agnes talked till near midnight—first persuasively, then contemptuously, then angrily—for her pride was up that any Wyvill, any brother of hers, should ask and be refused, as she felt certain would be the case; but Richard was utterly unmoved. He was determined to start for Glasgow the next morning.

"And if you do, you are a fool—a mean-spirited, mercenary fool."

Richard's eyes blazed.

"And, Agnes, do you know what you are? A selfish, mischief-making, wicked woman. I *will* go! though you and I should never see one another's faces again."

With that word he left her, and returned not, though Agnes sat waiting a whole hour, and then crept up to her bedroom in an agony of tears.

"Oh, Maurice, Maurice!" she sobbed—and the bright, frank, boyish face of her lost brother came back through the clouds of many years fresh upon her tenacious memory, contrasting with the face of the brother who remained, set in all the hardness of unwontedly hard manhood. "If Maurice were only here!" He might have been, and nearer to her than she knew.

Shortly, a light knock came to her door, and Richard stood there, with all his hardness gone, changed and softened to a degree that seemed almost miraculous.

"Agnes, I want to say good-night to you. There are only us two left now; don't let us quarrel. I must go to Glasgow to-morrow—it's killing me—till I know my fate, one way or another. But don't send me away in anger; don't let us part with an unkind word."

"Oh, Richard! I didn't mean it. Forgive me." And she hung upon his shoulder as she had never done before in all her days. "Do just as you like, and God bless you wherever you go."

CHAPTER II.

Miss Raeburn was sitting alone in the very handsome drawing-room of her very handsome house in Blythswood Square. It was dark, and the fire-light danced on her black velvet dress—she almost always wore black: ill-natured people said, because it made her look so "interesting." But these remarks were always made behind her back, and people well knew she would not have cared one pin, or altered either her mind or her costume one whit, even had she heard them. She had that self-possessed dignity which is very indifferent to public opinion on trivial matters, where indeed public opinion has no right to busy itself at all. She went on her way calmly: accustomed even from her teens to be sole mistress in her uncle's house, where she had now quietly become independent mistress of her own.

Young as she was, she had settled at once into the busy responsible life of a woman of property, who had evidently no intention of changing her condition by marriage. To the natural influence of wealth she added a personal influence very considerable, though exercised in a sweet and womanly way. All Glasgow knew her name well;—in charity, in society, in every good and generous work, Miss Raeburn was always sought for, and always easy to find. And it would be idle to say she did not enjoy her position;—she did. A lonely woman must fill her heart and her time with something: Jessie accepted the lot which Providence had assigned to her, and made the best of it; bravely and cheerfully. It had its pleasures. She loved her independence, her power of doing good unquestioned and uncontrolled. Without being in the least ungentle or unlovely, she was already, in a degree, "old-maidish"—that is, she had sufficient strength of character to stand alone. Though barely eight-and-twenty, it never seemed to enter into her own head or that of any one else that she needed either protection or guidance. She was just Miss Raeburn, of Blythswood Square and Woodhouselea; and the idea of her ever becoming Mrs. Anybody seemed far distant, and very improbable, if not quite impossible.

She sat waiting for her carriage to be announced, reading by a small lamp, the daily newspaper: until, her eye being caught by the date of it, she laid it down abruptly and remained with her head sunk between her hands, gazing mournfully into the fire. No wonder, for the paper was dated 1st October: seven years since that first of October when she and her cousins had stood watching for Maurice along the mountain-road, and he never came.

"Seven years." She repeated the words, and then bent down, clasping her hands and stooping her head upon them; low down, as people are prone to do when some heavy wave of misery or sharp recollection breaks over them. "Oh my darling, my darling!"

Not a word more, nor a sob. Years had smoothed down and softened all things, all except the love which was absolute, sole, and undying. Some women have had such loves, quenched so far as earthly fulfillment goes, in earliest girlhood; yet surviving in another form to the very close of life—consecrated by death, or confirmed by total separation into a bond which, in the absence of any other, becomes as strong almost as marriage, being in truth the real marriage of the soul.

It might have been a great mistake—many wise, good, and loving persons may consider it so—that any woman should thus waste her life upon a mere dream: which, if she could have ended it, were far best ended. Yet people are but as they are made: and Jessie could no more have resigned her worshipped ideal of what Maurice was, and what he might have become, to sink to the reality of any of the excellent Glasgow gentlemen whom she was in the habit of meeting; could no more have exchanged that first and last love-kiss—young, passionate, mutual love—for the touch of any mortal lips, than a maid betrothed with all her heart to one man could ever put another man's ring on her finger, or pass as a bride into another man's home. It was not merely unnatural: it was impossible.

Yet no one could call Jessie Raeburn an unhappy or disappointed woman. Hers was no unrequited, misplaced, or unworthy attachment; from first to last it had been wholly sacred and wholly her own. Not one pang of bitterness, or remorse, or humiliation had mingled with its sorrow. Hardly like a regret, though full of the tenderest, most passionate remembrance, were the words, "My darling, my darling!" And then the momentary outburst passed: she sat, quietly and meditatively, waiting for the hour when she had to fulfill her evening engagement. For Miss Raeburn did not shut herself out of the world, but moved therein—playing her part well—yet letting the world peer neither smilingly nor pityingly into her inner life, which was, and ever had been, solely her own.

When the door opened, she rose, gathering her rich Indian shawl round her, and moving in her usual composed graceful way across the floor, thinking it was the announcement of her carriage. But it was a visitor, so unexpected that she quite started at the sight of him—pale, travel-stained, and agitated Richard Wyvill.

He fixed his eyes upon the little figure before him—the velvet gown, the dainty lace, the glittering diamonds; it had been uncle Raeburn's delight to load his niece with diamonds. And Richard said, in his roughest manner,

"Don't let me intrude. You were going out to dinner?"

"I was, but—oh, cousin!" And a sudden agony of expectation, not dulled after even all these expectant years, thrilled through her. "Something has happened? What news do you bring?"

"I bring no news at all—nothing better nor worse than myself," said he, bitterly. "And, if you like, I will go away directly."

"No, no, I could not think of such a thing," she replied, with her hand upon the bell. But on second thoughts she went and gave her orders herself, thus allowing Richard time to recover his ill mood, and giving a brief minute of solitude to herself. For, with a strange recurrence to the ever-abiding thought which underran all her life, she had fancied, oh, wild hope! that Richard's sudden apparition might be caused by tidings of Maurice. No, no! Again, for the thousandth time, the vain hope faded, and she said to herself: "It is the will of God."

Ay, it was. Never in our own way, but in His own way, does the Master grant us our heart's desire: and yet still we must "rest in the Lord."

In a few minutes Jessie came back to the drawing-room, cheerful and bright, the white gloves removed and the shawl, though the diamonds still glittered on her neck and in her hair.

"Well, Richard, I don't get a cousin to visit me every day, and so I have sent an apology to the dinner-party; and you and I shall dine together in peace and quietness."

"Thank you. It is very good of you," said Richard, his irritability soothed in spite of himself by her frank familiar air, though it caused his heart to sink within him. What if his sister should prove right after all?

Still, a kind of dogged determination impelled the young man to remain and carry out his intention: to face the worst; which could not be worse than much he had already suffered. But it was hours before he could find courage to say a word beyond the common-place family talk, the habit of the cousins through so many familiar years. Jessie at last brought her pain upon herself by the sudden and very natural question—

"And now, Richard, tell me what brought you so unexpectedly to Glasgow?"

The moment she had said this, she felt her mistake; felt that the crisis, which, with a generous woman's delicate ingenuity, she had contrived to stave off so long, had arrived. She could no longer save either her lover or herself from the half-dozen desperate words, which, alas! would break the pleasant bond of a life-time. For after this, poor Richard never could be her cousin any more.

Rejected love is nothing new. Most women have had to inflict it, and most men to suffer it, at least once in their lives. It does to neither any incurable harm—that is, when the misfortune is simply a fatality. Only when a woman has wilfully led a man on to love her, and denied him—or when he has swamped his honest dignity of honorable manhood in the ungovernable anguish of baulked desire—need there be any irremediable bitterness in such a trial. But in either of these cases both will surely dree their own weird—a very sore one: and they deserve it.

Before Richard had half got out his words, he read his fate in Jessie's eyes. Yet they were very tender eyes—less compassionate than mutely entreating forgiveness, as if she herself must surely have done something wrong. But there was no doubt in them—none of that wavering uncertainty which in this, as in all other things, has destroyed so many a soul. She was perfectly sure of her own mind. She liked him, but she did not love him; and she made him plainly see it, as she had done from the very first. He acknowledged that himself. So, almost before they quite knew what had been said, or answered, the whole thing was over—entirely over and done.

Richard Wyvill was not a pleasant fellow—neither attractive in society, nor very loveable in family life; but he was an honest fellow for all that. Deep at the core of his rough Yorkshire nature lay a keen sense of honor, a sound stability and faithfulness, which every one belonging to him was forced to appreciate. Jessie did, to the full. And now that his bitter secret was out, the young man, in spite of all his disappointment, felt unconsciously relieved. Though Jessie had refused his love, she had not wounded his pride. He saw that he was not degraded in her eyes; nay, more, that with a tenderness second only to the tenderness of love returned, did she regard the faithful attachment which had followed her, unspoken, for so many years.

As to the money question, Richard's soreness on this head was for ever healed. He felt instinctively that Jessie rejected him simply and solely because she did not love him; that, had she loved him, she would have thrown her paltry thousands at his feet, saying, "These are nothing,—less than nothing,—but I am worth a little; take *me*."

So, strange as it may appear, though he had just staked and lost what he then thought to be the one happiness of his life, the young man was not altogether miserable; for he still could respect himself and her. He neither dashed his hand to his brow and fled, nor fell on his knees in frantic entreaty, nor stamped about in anger, nor did any of the foolish things that young fellows are supposed to do under similar circumstances; he sat in his place, like an honest man who has given the best thing a man can give—his heart's love; which, though not accepted, had been neither mocked, nor trifled with, nor despised.

He was just considering whether he ought not now to depart, when a servant entered the drawing-room with a message. A man—"a Highlander—a wee bit cannsteary-looking mannie—was wishing a word with the mistress."

"At this hour? What can he want?" said Miss Raeburn, surprised.

"Shall I go down and see?" asked Richard, perhaps a little glad to resume some shadow of the former familiar cousinly ways.

"Thank you," Jessie answered, glad too.

"He says he'll no speak to onybody but the mistress," interposed the old butler, who looked rather strange and perplexed.

"Then show him up here. My cousin and I will see him together."

The man entered, and hung at the drawing-room door, staring about him with bleary eyes; and when Richard asked him his name he answered, somewhat hesitatingly, that he was "Diarmid MacDiarmid—Diarmid Beg, ye ken."

"Indeed I don't," Richard was answering sharply, when he saw Jessie spring forward.

"The man—you remember—whom Maurice met: who last saw Maurice."

"Ay, my leddy—just mysel'. And its about him I come—the puir laddie. Ye'll no hae heard?"

Richard glanced at Jessie, who stood listening with lips apart, white and rigid as a stone statue. At once, by a sort of revelation, he knew why she had never loved him.

For an instant his human nature recoiled, and then the nobler half of the man conquered. To find his rival in his brother—his own dearly beloved and passionately regretted brother—this of all blows would be easiest to bear. Ay, even if Maurice came back and won her.

"What about him—is he alive?"

"Truly, I canna weel say," replied the Highlander, "but I fear me, na. Do ye no ken this, sir?"

And Diarmid unfolded from out his plaid, slowly, like a fearsome thing that he was half afraid to handle, something—it was not easy at first to detect what, so covered was it with mildew, and damp and moss. But on closer inspection the cousins recognized it as being a strong tin case, fastening with a spring, which Maurice had had made to contain his botonical or entomological specimens; he was very fond of collecting both. Outside, on a silver plate, he had had engraved—and it was legible still—his name and address: "Maurice Wyvill, Wyvill Court, Yorkshire."

"Where did you find that? Tell us quickly!" cried Richard.

And then MacDiarmid explained—not quickly, but they understood him somehow—that a few days since he had been belated on the mountains, in a spot that was seldom traversed—not once in several years, being very dangerous, on account of the numerous holes, fissures in the rocks, narrow chasms so overhung with heather that a man might easily step upon it, and be plunged in a moment to the depths below. He, Diarmid, had done this, only, with the Providence which they say guards drunkards and young children, he had managed to crawl out, bruised and sobered, but still alive.

"It was just the Lord's mercy that I was na' kilt, like many a better man; for at the bottom I found this, ye ken"—and he pointed to the tin case.

"Anything else?" asked Richard, in a low, awestruck voice.

"Banes. A wheen banes."

* * * * * *

So the mystery was cleared up at last; and they knew that in this world they would never see Maurice more.

Jessie and Richard clasped hands, and looked at one another, wistfully and long. Then both—the man as well as the woman—lifted up their voices and wept.

After a little while Richard sent Diarmid away down stairs, made Jessie sit down, and, kneeling beside her, opened, in the way they both well remembered, the concealed spring. Inside the case, and from its substantial workmanship most wonderfully preserved, was a little book which must have been placed there—Maurice must have placed it himself—in the interval between his fall and his dissolution—as the slender and only chance of ever conveying information to his kindred of who he was or how he died. For, carefully examined, it proved to be a psalm book of Jessie's, which Jessie well remembered his carrying from church for her that Sunday. One of the mouldy leaves was still turned down at the 121st Psalm:

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes."

He had remembered them, then, in his last hour, and left this token for them, in the only way he could think of. He, the poor boy to whom had come no "aid;" whom "He that keeps Israel" had *not* kept, but in the awful mystery of Omnipotent will, had suffered to perish here alone—the handsome, happy, loving, and beloved lad—to be found after an interval of seven years, "a wheen banes."

Jessie sat dumb, reading and repeating, with soundless lips, the words of the psalm, which seemed at first such a ghastly mockery. But slowly, with that agony of belief which forces itself upon the heart, not the reason, at an hour like this, when all the anchors of faith seem torn up, and the soul is ready to drift out blindly upon a Godless sea, there came into here a miraculous comfort—the comfort that, for all they knew, *he* might also have had, dying forlorn and alone on the bleak mountain side.

And the more she dwelt on it, the clearer this comfort grew. If, during the few minutes or hours—thank God, they could not have been many!—that elapsed before consciousness left him, Maurice had had strength and courage to do this—to think of them all at home, to send them his last message, as it were—though he died, he had died nobly, calmly, in a manner not unworthy of their Maurice. And though, humanly viewed, it was a death so miserable that they dared not suffer their imaginations to dwell upon it, but passed at once to the thought of Maurice in heaven, with his sufferings ended, his new life begun—still man's impotence is God's omnipotence. It might have been—and indeed appeared most likely, from the position in which the remains were found—that he died so peacefully that death felt to him no more than falling asleep, with the Everlasting Arms underneath him, and his head pillowed on the bosom of Everlasting Love.

* * * * * *

Maurice's bones were laid, by common family consent, in a spot not far from the place they were discovered—the little mountain graveyard, where, during that merry month of September, they had all often leaped the low wall, and sat among the long grass, or read the inscriptions on the ancient stones. There, soon afterwards, another stone was erected, by Jessie Raeburn—she asked permission to do it, and Richard allowed her—on which was recorded, in the simple Scotch fashion of kirkyard memorials, Maurice's name, age, and how he died. Nothing more, except the words—incomprehensible addition to many readers, yet full of peace to her who sometimes sat and read it there—with the grand mountains looking on her, and the sea calm and blue, and the heavens shining overhead—"Psalm 121."

When all this was done Richard went back to his sisters, and they put on quiet mourning for a season. Then, quietly still, without any obtrusiveness either of regret or congratulation, Richard Wyvill, Esq. of Wyvill Court, took lawful possession of his ancestral home.

* * * * * *

I know it would be more pathetic, more in accordance with the feelings of young and poetic readers, if I were to state that Richard Wyvill never married, but remained all his days faithful to his first disappointed love. But such fidelity is rare in man, and well that it is so. By-and-by, when all hope of Jessie was at an end, Richard found a merry, pretty Yorkshire lass who loved him—partly because he was so opposite to herself—loved him, and married him, and made him happy; so happy, that he could receive his cousin Jessie as Aunt Jessie in his household for weeks together without the slightest pain. And it is thought that some day his eldest son, Maurice Raeburn Wyvill, will inherit all the thousands that Jessie has to leave. For Wyvill Court is full of children, brought up rather differently from what the last generation were, with more of gentleness, less of impatience and rough disputing—in an atmosphere of sweetness and sunshine which, radiating from the elders, flows down to the younger ones, and makes of them, whatever else they may be, a family of love. For, thinking of Maurice, whose story is told from child to child till it becomes like one of the saintly chronicles of old—thinking of poor Uncle Maurice, how could they ever say to one another an unkind word?

☞ While we were foraging in Sequatchie, Tenn., writes a soldier in the Union army, after the campaign which ended with the battle of Chickamauga, our boys used to get up cotillion parties, etc., in the country, which were well attended by the ladies, both Union and secesh, of the valley. The latter were very careful on such occasions about the language they used in the presence of the boys, lest they might offend them. One of the ladies stepped up to "Wash," the fiddler, and said, very politely, "Will you be so kind as to play the *Federal Doodle*?"

SATURDAY EVENING

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

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☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously, (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers*.

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

GOLD.

The fortunes really made by thousands out of government contracts, and the fortunes supposed to be made by tenfold as many out of the rise of prices, have resulted in a great increase of extravagance. This has resulted in excessive importations of foreign goods, as witness the following statement:

In the fiscal year ending July 1st, 1862, the balance of trade was in our favor—that is, our exports exceeded our imports in value.

In 1863, also, the balance was $22,000,000 in our favor.

In 1864, there is a balance against us (owing to the excessive imports, caused by extravagance) of $50,000,000. In fact, over $56,000,000 in gold have been, it is stated, shipped from New York during the present fiscal year.

Now there are three things which affect the price of gold as compared with paper. The aspect of the war, which bears upon the ultimate value of said paper. The quantity of paper issued, which affects the probability of ultimate repudiation, even if the Union cause is victorious, (for the Continental money was repudiated, in greater part, although our fathers were successful). And, lastly, the extent of the demand for gold.

Now the demand for gold is in proportion to the amount of imports—for all the duties are paid in gold; and the balance of imports over exports must also be paid to foreign merchants in gold.

Therefore, the three things necessary to a low price of gold are, Success, a Restricted Paper Currency, and a Balance of Trade in our favor.

Our Armies must give us the first, our Legislators must give us the second, and our Ladies must give us the third.

THE NEXT DRAFT.

According to a report made to the City Councils, Philadelphia not only has filled her quota of the recent calls for 700,000 men, but has a credit against the next draft of 3,716 men. Not many of her sisters have done better than that. She does not hold Independence Hall in her fair bosom without deriving a patriotic glow therefrom.

JUSTICE TO PITTSBURG.—We put down last week the receipts of the Pittsburg Fair at $128,000; but we now see it stated that the amount received is about $300,000—more than the Cincinnati Fair realized, and double the amount realized at Boston. Pittsburg is a smoky place, but her record is not at all smoky. She may be proud of her children, if she does have to wash their faces before she can tell one from another.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.—We are indebted to J. W. Forney, Clerk of the U. S. Senate, for copies of the Eighth Census of the United States, and of the Finance Report for 1863.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE POTOMAC AND THE RAPIDAN. Army Notes from the Failure at Winchester to the Reinforcement of Rosecrans, 1861–3. By ALONZO H. QUINT, Chaplain of the 2d Massachusetts Infantry. Published by Crosby & Nichols, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

LINNET'S TRIAL. A Tale. By S. M., author of "Twice Lost." Published by Loring, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

OUT OF THE WORLD. A Novel. By T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Lights on Shadowed Paths," &c. Mr. Arthur's manner is too well known to require any description at our hands. He is a welcome visitor in thousands of household circles. His fictions, by their steady and constant appeal to the moral sense, win their way; and by the employment of this method, in conjunction with the faithfulness of his pictures of men and things, he has succeeded in making an impression on the public heart not easy to be effaced. The present novel appears to be marked by Mr. Arthur's usual characteristics, and to be worthy of a large circulation. Published by Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

A WOMAN'S PHILOSOPHY OF WOMAN; or, WOMAN ARTRANCHISED. An Answer to Michelet, Proudhon, Girardin, and other Modern Innovators. By MADAME D'HERICOURT. Translated from the last Paris edition. Published by Carleton, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE TANNER BOY AND HOW HE BECAME LIEUTENANT-GENERAL. By MAJOR PENNIMAN. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB. Published by F. H. Dodd, New York; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

SELF-SACRIFICE. By the author of "Margaret Maitland." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE BRIDAL EVE. By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

NEW MUSIC.

DREAMING OF HOME. Words by LOUIS CHAPMAN. Music by CHARLES ASHMAN. Published by C. C. Mellor, Pittsburg.

AFTER THE WAR, OR WON'T WE ALL BE HAPPY THEN? Written by J. AUGUSTINE SIGNAIGO. Composed by B. A. WHAPLES. Published by Bielock & Co., New York.

HEMLOCK TREE. Words from the German, translated by LONGFELLOW. Music by B. A. WHAPLES. Published by Bielock & Co., N. Y.

ALERT POLKA BRILLIANT. By B. A. WHAPLES. Published by Bielock & Co., New York.

All the above are for sale by Lee & Walker, Chestnut street, Philada.

☞ There is something eminently human and life-like in the following car dialogue betwixt a man and his wife:—"My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?" "Quite, thank you, dear." "Sure there's plenty of room for your feet?" "Quite sure, love." "And no cold air from the window by your ear?" "Quite certain, darling." "Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ A schoolmarm in England has adopted a new and novel mode of punishment. If the boys disobey her rules she stands them on their heads and pours cold water into their trowsers legs.

☞ A Luminous Appearance.—Sparkins, stooping over the candle, set his head in a-blaze. Larkins told him that he had made a regular meteor with his hair o' light.

☞ GO-AHEAD.—In a long review of a work on America which appeared in the Paris Moniteur, the writer states that "Go to head" is the favorite motto on this side of the Atlantic. He mentions this twice in the course of his criticism.

☞ RESIGNATION.—A suffering but godly man was once asked if he could see *any reason* for the dispensation which had caused him so much agony. "No," replied he; "but I am just as well satisfied as if I could see ten thousand. God's will is the perfection of all reason."—*Spring.*

☞ The day after the death of Mr. Lincoln's young son, a gentleman called at the White House to press his claims for a position that had been promised him. The President heard him through, and replied in very excusable anger, "Really, Mr. ———, I think you might wait till I bury my little boy!" The applicant looked a little discomfitted, picked up his hat and replied—"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Lincoln. When does the funeral take place?" And sure enough, the fellow called the day after the funeral.

☞ Simeon Curtis, of East Bridgewater, Mass., weighing 600 pounds, broke through the floor of his house recently, and died two days afterwards.

☞ Charles A. Comstock, 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery, has returned home affected with a total loss of speech, caused, as is supposed, by discharging heavy siege guns.

☞ A member of the Lazy Society, in Lowell, feeling a fly alight on his jolly red nose, instead of brushing it off, is circulating a petition to Congress, to have the insect removed.

☞ Gen. "Baldy" Smith is a Pennsylvanian, and a graduate of West Point. During the Mexican war he was a captain in the regular army, and was noted for his "dash" and bravery. From some cause or other he lost most of his hair from his head when young, and therefore obtained the *soubriquet* of "Baldy," which has clung to him to the present.

☞ An eccentric surgeon, member of the Royal College, who has for fifteen years made his home in a glass house, at Wordsley, burrowing at night in a cave hollowed out of the sand, lately died. He has during all the fifteen years attended the poor in their illness without money, and given back to them the tendered fee when hungering himself, a certain proof of his insanity as the world looks at it.

☞ A woman has died in the department of the Gironde, France, who prolonged her life to one hundred and six years by living principally on garlic and shalots.

☞ A Connecticut farmer has discovered that his cows have been regularly milked by black snakes, who took occasion to attach themselves while the cows were reposing in the fields. Many snakes have been thus caught and killed.

QUIET and gray was the gleaming
That brightened upon the wall,
For the merciful day was breaking,
And the birds began to call.
But a face had changed in the shadow
Of the early, lonesome dawn,
And the pulse had ceased its throbbing,
And the fever all was gone.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

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The following letter will be found interesting and important to our contributors, and we commend it to their special attention. We shall have something to say to them in a future number on the subject of the preparation of pickles here referred to, as well as the best mode of putting up the blackberry for hospital use:—

To the Women's Pennsylvania Branch.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May, 1864.

The approach of the summer and autumn induces me to call your attention to a few remarks I propose to make with reference to such vegetables and fruits as may be donated by the people of the country to the Branches of this Commission for distribution in the army. It has been found that there is a large percentage of destruction accruing to jellies and cordials from fermentation, and which no care in packing or transportation can prevent during the warm weather in the North and throughout most of the year in the South. On this account I would suggest to our Branches the advisability of putting a stop, as far as may be, to the production of such domestic liquors and cordials as are liable to fermentation, the production being limited to such as are found to be most free from that danger; and also of diverting, if possible, the energies of the women of the country from the making up of jellies, into the preparation of dried fruits.

We have come to the conclusion that in most cases dried fruit may be made to take the place of jellies; and it is hardly necessary for me to advert to the great advantages for purposes of transportation of the former over the latter; and to the immense expense, and trouble and disappointment that would be saved by the change. On this point I may mention that the bags in which dried fruit is usually packed are generally poor, whether as regards the material or the making; in consequence of which there is much splitting of material and unripping of seams and a consequent loss—often very considerable—of the contents. There is more reason that the bags should be made of sound, strong stuff, because the moisture of the fruit has a tendency to rot them, if the contents are held in them for any considerable length of time. All kinds of dried fruit are required, such as apples, peaches and pears; but the smaller fruits and berries of all descriptions are more especially needed; and this will be particularly the case if jellies are dispensed with. It seems hardly possible that we could have a surplus of dried fruit.

It is also suggested that the farmers of the country should be called on to raise cabbages and onions in large quantities for the army. As it is not probable that the farmers and their families could pickle them with such efficiency and economy as would be practiced by experts in the city, would it not be well for our Branches to take that duty on themselves; simply calling on the country people to forward the vegetables to their depots in barrels—or bags if more convenient, and the distance not long? On being pickled they should be put up in kegs, say of the capacity of from five to ten gallons.

It would be well to convert a large portion of the cabbage into "Sour Kraut"—a most popular article of food in the army, and highly extolled by the surgeons for its anti-scorbutic properties—though indeed the same properties are assigned to cabbages and onions in any shape, and, more or less, to vegetables of all kinds. It is estimated that three thousand (3,000) barrels of sour kraut might be distributed by the Commission to great advantage in the Department of the East during the coming fall and winter; and of pickled cabbage and onions not less than one thousand (1,000) barrels of each.

It is also considered desirable that preparations of horse-radish should be issued in large quantities to the army.

When the season of blackberries arrives it is important that it should be taken advantage of; but what form of preparation is best, taking everything into consideration, for securing in the best form the valuable prophylactic and curative properties ascribed to this berry by medical men I am not at present prepared to say. Blackberry syrup is most in demand, being seemingly in high favor with both surgeons and patients, but it does not keep well during the warm weather. Whether wine prepared from this berry is esteemed by medical men for medicinal purposes as much as the syrup, I am not sufficiently informed: but it certainly is not liable in the same degree to fermentation and destruction. More on this point hereafter.

Very respectfully and truly yours,
ALFRED J. BLOOD,
Assistant Secretary.

The Great Sanitary Fair.

As the time advances, and the duration of the Fair diminishes, the throngs pressing into it increase day by day, swelling the fund to an extent as gratifying as it is unexpected. The patience of the ladies attending the stalls under the task allotted to them, is truly surprising. They never seem to weary of the labors they have undertaken, but go on as quietly as though busied only with their ordinary avocations. When we reflect how totally unused all these ladies were to any such pursuits, the cheerful deportment and even-tempered management, under the most severe and exhausting exertions, deserve much higher praise than has yet been bestowed. Perhaps the fact which most puzzles visitors, and is most talked about, is that, despite the large sales made every day, the array of goods shows no visible diminution, and the attractions are as great as ever. This displays the resources of the managers. Our country cousins continue to pour into the Fair in a steady stream daily. This is not to be wondered at, for certainly no exhibition in Philadelphia, within our recollection, has elicited so much ingenuity, taste, or inventive skill, as this one. The Fair is a perfect museum of curiosities, from the magnificent doll, with nearly a hundred superb dresses, to the blown glass steam engine in full operation, and the model of the "Swamp Angel" battery. We could mention hundreds of such articles, each worthy of close observation for their beauty, ingenuity and novelty. We advise those of our friends who have merely walked casually through the Fair, and missed many of these rarities, to go again and again until all are seen. Money spent at this exhibition is well bestowed, and many a sick or wounded soldier will bless the liberal hands which lighten his labors and diminish his sufferings.

DONATIONS.

UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

CASH RECEIPTS.

Hon. Charles Sidney Coxe	$1,000 00
Second Baptist Church, Burlington, New Jersey, per Robert Pian	3 00
Trinity Church, Oxford, Philadelphia, per Rev. E. Y. Buchanan	15 00
Colored People's Soldiers' Aid Society of Huntingdon, Pa., per John Thomas, Chairman	30 75
	$1,048 75
Previously reported	133,690 02
	$134,713 57

CALEB COPE, Treasurer.

MONDAY, June 20, 1864.

The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission also acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies, since the last report:—

PENNSYLVANIA.

A gentleman, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Mitton, Northumberland co., M. L. Lawson, Sec'y, 1 box; a lady, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., Miss E. C. Blackman, Sec'y, Nos. 59 and 60, Quartermaster Department, Harrisburg, 1 box, 1 bbl.; Ladies' Aid, Williamsburg, Blair co., Mrs. M. A. Kennedy, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid Society, Wellsboro, Tioga co., Mrs. Martha P. Emery, Sec'y, 1 box, 8 bbls.; Aid Society, Deerfield, Tioga co., Mrs. Lucy Moore Hotchkin, Sec'y, 1 box; Anna M. Reed, West Chester, 1 box; Central Fair, 15 boxes; Soldiers' Reading Room, through Miss McHenry, 1 bbl., 5 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Sylvania, Bradford co., 1 bbl.; Mrs. A. Boyd Cummings, 1 pkg.; Mrs. S. Wilcox, 1704 Pine st., 1 pkg.; Chillisquaque Ladies' Aid, Pottsgrove, Northumberland co., Mrs. H. I. Park, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Emily Moore, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Wm. Struthers, 1 pkg.; a friend, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Reading, Berks co., Miss C. C. Gries, Sec'y, 2 boxes, 1 firkin; Aid Society, Le Raysville, Bradford co., Miss H. N. Brink, Sec'y, 1 box; a lady of Derby, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Northumberland, Northumberland co., A. P. Taggart, Sec'y, 2 bbls.; Aid Society, Picture Rocks, Lycoming co., Mrs. A. R. Sprout, Pres't, 1 box; St. Luke's Auxiliary, Mrs. Isabella James, Sec'y, 2 pkgs.; Soldiers' Aid, McKean, Erie co., Mrs. D. Dunn, Pres't, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Punxatawney, Jefferson co., Jacob P. Wall, Sec'y, 1 box; a lady, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Tobey, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Cory and Mrs. Tuttle, Startwell, McKean co., 1 box; All Saints' church, Torrisdale, Mrs. S. Grant, Sec'y, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Attleboro', Buckscc., Mrs. Jenny Candy, Sec'y, 2 bbls.; anonymous, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Hastings, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Thos. Petnerick, Pottsville, Schuylkill co., 1 pkg.; West Franklin, Bradford co., 1 box; Austin Hill, Delmar, Tioga co., 1 box.

NEW JERSEY.

Children of St. Stephen's church, Florence, 1 pkg., including list made by "Little Loyal Fingers."

COAL DUST.—At the coal mines of Charleroi, Belgium, some 800,000 tons of coal dust have accumulated, impairing the working of the mines. Now, M. Dehaynin, Jr., and another company, are working on this coal dust. After having it pulverized and freed of all strange matter, by machinery, this dust receives the forms and dimensions the best adapted for heating locomotives, by agglomerating eight parts of coal to ninety-two parts of coal dust. This mixture, heated to 300 or 350 degrees, with superheated steam, becomes a paste, which is mechanically and powerfully pressed into cylindrical or rectangular forms; and after having been cooled, solid, compact cylinders of about five inches in diameter and weighing eighteen pounds, or prismatic blocks of about five and a half by seven and twelve high, and weighing twenty pounds, are obtained. These blocks, which have very nearly the same density and weight of the solid coal, are easily handled and placed on the grates of the locomotives, where they ignited easily on incandescent coal, and burn without giving obstacle to the circulation of air through the grate.

GEOGRAPHICAL PHENOMENON.—The Chicago Tribune says: "The work on the tunnel is suspended, owing to the breaking out of a spring in the bottom of the shore shaft, the singular feature of which is that it fills the well to the depth of two and a half feet, and then stops. It will have to be pumped out while the inverted groin at the bottom is turned; the shaft will be bricked up before the tunnel is commenced. It is expected that the work will proceed without interruption when once the shaft is bricked and cemented. A boulder was found at the depth of about 75 feet, bearing the peculiar grooves and parallel scratches which belong to the glacial movement, as expounded by Agassiz. Admitting his theory—that these grooves give conclusive proof of glacial connection and motion—a wide field of research is opened. The question recurs, "how did it get there?"

GENERAL GRANT.—It must be very amusing to the personal friends of General Grant and to his companions of the mess, to read the stories which the newspapers are telling as indications of his character. To those who are privileged to know him as the genial, generous, candid friend, who, if he has secrets, hides them under the pleasant guise of entire freedom of conversation, it can be but surprising to hear that the Lieutenant-General clothes himself in mystery, and admits no partners of his thoughts. Yet it is undoubtedly true that Grant does seem a miracle of reticence to inquisitive newsmongers and scheming politicians.—Indeed, we imagine most any gentleman would so seem to them.—*Army and Navy Journal.*

THE LADY DOCTOR.—A letter dated Castle Thunder, Richmond, has been received by the mother of Miss Dr. Mary Walker, from which it appears that the heroic little surgeon bears her imprisonment lightly. The following is an extract from her letter: "I hope you are not grieving about me because I am a prisoner of war. I am living in a three-story brick castle, with plenty to eat and a clean bed to sleep in. I have a roommate, a young lady about twenty years of age, from near Corinth, Miss., (Miss Martha Manus). I am much happier than I might be in some relations of life where I might be envied by other ladies. The officers are gentlemanly and kind, and it will not be long before I am exchanged."

MISS MANDANA TILESTON, daughter of the late Cornelius Tileston, of Williamsburg, Mass., was married a few weeks since, at Oxford, Ohio, to Rev. Calvin Fairbanks, after an engagement of thirteen years. Preparations for their wedding were being made twelve and a half years ago, when Mr. Fairbanks was imprisoned in Kentucky for assisting slaves to escape, and he has just been released. During all this time Miss Tileston did not relax her efforts to secure his release.

JUNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Brightly breaks the morning light
On the fields of clover;
Charming landscapes meet my sight,
Gayly painted over.

Songsters warble in the trees,
Mingling their sweet voices
With the sounds of humming bees;
Nature now rejoices.

Forests drest in robes of green,
With mild winds are playing;
Their arms meeting, form a screen
For my noon-tide straying.

Blushing roses scent the air,
Lilies deck the valley;
Under vine-clad arbors fair
Gentle maidens daily.

Warmly shines the summer sun;—
Now come gentle showers:
See refreshing streamlets run,
Giving life to flowers.

Now, behold! the bearded grain
Waving like the ocean.
Soon shall come the harvest's train,
Full of life and motion.

C. C. CHAMBERS.

Harrison's Station, Pa.

THE TOMB OF EZRA THE SCRIBE.—The Jews of Asia are bestirring themselves to erect a monument to the memory of the great restorer of their sacred writings. After having rested in his honored grave for nearly twenty-five hundred years, the Jews of Bagdad have been roused to erect him a monument on the spot which the most ancient tradition has designated as his grave, and the correctness of which there is no reason to doubt. This spot lies in the desert, near the confluence of the Euphrates and Tigris, and the monument to be established is the only one befitting the memory of a man as much venerated by Christians as Jews. The proposed monument is a college for the study of the writings preserved through his care for the civilized world. Contributions for this purpose have been forwarded from Bombay, London and Paris.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

KILLED BY ETIQUETTE.—In 1778 George III. and his queen "stood" to the infant daughter of the last Duke and Duchess of Chandos. Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, officiated. The baby, overwhelmed by whole mountains of lace, lay in a dead faint. Her mother was so tender on the point of etiquette, that she would not let the little incident trouble a ceremony at which a king and queen were about to endow her child with the names of Georgiana Charlotte! As Cornwallis gave back the infant to her nurse, he remarked that it was the quietest baby he had ever held. Poor victim of ceremony! It was not quite dead, but dying; in a few unconscious hours it calmly slept away into an immortal waking.

☞ The Delhi Gazette gives the following extraordinary instance of ignorance and superstition:

"A Hindoo was afflicted with a series of family misfortunes—frequent intercession to the Gods proved unavailing for their relief, and another Hindoo, an employer on the railway, was consulted as to what was to be done. He at once advised that the new deity which had recently come among them, the locomotive, should be appeased by the usual votive offerings. Accordingly, the other day, flowers, ghee, rice, &c., were prepared, and the man took his stand on the line, waiting for the God. Down came the locomotive, the offering was presented—and the man crushed to death.

☞ Gen. Andrew Jackson Smith, who has been selected to succeed Gen. Sturgis, is a native of Bucks county, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Sales of some 18,000 bbls Flour at $7,25@7,62 for superfine; $7,75@8,25 for extras; $8,25@8,75 for extra family, and $9@10 ₩ bbl for fancy lots. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are firm at $7,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Sales of 45,000 bus Wheat at 190@210c for fair to good and choice reds, and 210@225c for white. Rye is worth 157@160c. Corn, about 35,000 bus found buyers at 147@158c for inferior and prime yellow, and 148 to 153c for white. Oats, about 20,000 bus have been disposed of at 85@86c, chiefly at 86@87c. for prime Penna. Barley is unchanged and dull.

PROVISIONS—The market continues on the advance. Of barrelled meats, we note small sales of mess Pork at $35@40, and Beef at $20@23 for western and city packed ₩ bbl. Bacon moves off more freely at 21½@23c for plain and fancy Hams, 14½@15c for Shoulders, and 15@15½c for Sides. Green Meats—Sales of Hams at 17@18½c, 200,000 lbs Shoulders, in salt, at 13½@14c. Lard—Sales at 16@17½c; kegs are worth 17½@18c. Butter is in moderate request at 25@30c for Pennsylvania and Ohio packed, and 33@37c for New York State. Cheese is firmer at 16@18c ₩ lb, and Eggs at 25c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—Sales 350 bales at from $1,45 to $1,48 for low and good middlings.

BEESWAX is held at 64@65c ₩ lb.

COAL comes in freely and meets with a good demand at fully former rates.

COFFEE—The market is firm; sales Rio at 42@44c, and St. Domingo at 36½@37c¼, cash.

COPPER is firm. Yellow Metal at 40c ₩ lb for sheets.

FEATHERS—Western are quoted at 70@72c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—The sales have been confined to Peaches, at 15@17c for unpared.

HAY—Sales at $25@26 ₩ ton.

HOPS move off as wanted at from 5 to 30c for inferior to prime old and new crop.

IRON—The market for this staple continues inactive.

LEAD—About 1400 pigs Galena were disposed of at $14@14¼ the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER—The receipts and stocks are fair at $32@36 for White Pine, $27@29 for Yellow Sap, $20@22 for Hemlock Boards, $26 for Lehigh do, $18@19 for Joice and Scantling, and $22@25 for White Pine Shingles. Laths are lower, and selling at $2 ₩ M from the wharf.

MOLASSES is higher and more active.

PLASTER is dull at $4,10 ₩ ton.

RICE is firm at 11¾@12¼c ₩ lb for Rangoon.

SEEDS—Clover-ed is better, and sales of 900 bushels are reported at $7,50@8,10, mostly at $8, for prime. Timothy is quoted at $2,75@3 ₩ bushel. Flaxseed is selling on arrival at $3,40 ₩ bushel.

SPIRITS—There is nothing doing in Brandy, Gin or Rum. Whiskey—Sales of Pennsylvania and barrels at $1,45@1,65.

TALLOW—Sales at 15½@16c ₩ lb.

TOBACCO is firmly held. Sales are confined to Leaf, at 10@12 for Kentucky lugs, and 15@25c for wrappers. For Pennsylvania Seed Leaf prices range as above, but Manufactured is very dull.

WOOL—300,000 lbs old fleece and pulled were disposed of at 85@90c, mostly at the latter rate, including unwashed at 56½c.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from $12 to 18 ₩ 100 lbs. 1970 Hogs at from $12,00 to 13,00 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3500 head were disposed of at from 5 to 7c ₩ lb. 300 Cows brought from $30 to 40.

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac we have advices to 6 A. M., on Saturday. On Friday the enemy made an attack on Burnside, opening with a heavy artillery fire and then making a charge. The rebels were driven back in confusion, but continued the artillery fire for an hour. Picket firing is kept up along the entire line. The engagement on Wednesday for the possession of the railroad was quite severe. The Sixth Corps had only destroyed a small portion of the road when attacked by a large force of rebels under Anderson. The enemy attempted to break through our lines several times, but was driven back with heavy loss. The rebels finally retired across the railroad embankment. We lost quite a number of prisoners, but the killed and wounded were very light.

General Hunter's command, having destroyed the Virginia Central Railroad, near Staunton, the Gordonsville and Lynchburg Railroad, and an important portion of the James River Canal, is now pressing forward to a point in Western Virginia to which it was ordered.

Gen. Wilson, in command of a cavalry force from Meade's army, according to Richmond papers, has torn up several miles of the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad, some distance below Petersburg, and also a portion of the road connecting Petersburg with Lynchburg.

The rebel earthworks on John's Island, near Charleston, have been destroyed by men landed from the gunboats McDonough and Sonoma.

A TWILIGHT SCENE.

The twilight deepened round us. Still and black
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back!
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
The brown old farm-house like a bird's nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred:
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket plashing in the cool sweet well,
The pasture bars that clattered as they fell.
Dog barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed: the gate
Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

☞ The Washington post-office sent four hundred thousand letters from soldiers on Friday and Saturday, principally from the Army of the Potomac. They weighed six tons.

☞ Capt. Amos Walker, of Greene township, deaf for many years, was restored to hearing by a loud clap of thunder. He was unable to hear. He now hears distinctly.

☞ A dead mule, belonging to a Memphis citizen, was being hauled out of the lines the other day, when a bayonet-thrust revealed the fact that the carcass contained 60,000 percussion caps, a quantity of ammunition, and other contraband articles, which some rebel sympathizer had taken this means of smuggling.

☞ The yearly product of planes in the United States has increased from 2,000 to 20,000 in the last fifteen years, the latter number being the estimated manufacture of the present year.

☞ A bill has been reported to the Legislature of Massachusetts providing for a fine of $25 upon railroad companies that neglect to carry a certain quantity of good drinking water in their passenger cars.

☞ Mr. J. M. Fairchild, of New Haven, Conn., has invented an apparatus whereby lightning entering upon telegraph wires is passed into the earth—a sort of electricity switch. It is spoken of as a beautiful piece of mechanism. Mr. F. is manager of the American Telegraph office at New Haven.

☞ A SUCCESSFUL EDITOR.—Mr. Lloyd, of Lloyd's Weekly Times, published in London, not only owns his own paper mill, but has leased several hundred acres of land in Algiers, on which is grown the Spanish grass of which he makes paper. The circulation of the Times is nearly five hundred thousand weekly, and its proprietor is immensely rich.

☞ SMALL POTATOES.—A correspondent of the Charleston Courier is in favor of applying the term "Yank" to everything of a Northern nature. He says it is short, contemptuous, and descriptive of the thing signified. Thus instead of saying north or northern, he would talk of the "Yank government," "Yank army," "Yank congress," "Yank news," "Yank states," "Yank people," "Yank navy," &c., &c. "Yank flag," &c., &c. "A Yank," "Yanks," &c., &c.

☞ It is related that, in the afternoon in the bloody day of Waterloo, as Wellington threw himself into one of the hollow squares of infantry he observed to the officers, "This is hard pounding, gentlemen, but we will pound the longest." Again he remarked, "Three times I have saved this day by perseverance." If the power of perseverance is to decide our battles, the Army of the Potomac, which has been pounding rebels for nearly a fortnight, ought to be successful, and Gen. Grant's determination to fight the campaign out if it takes the whole summer, has the real Wellingtonian spirit about it.—*Louisville Journal.*

AS POLISHED steel receives a stain
From drops at random flung,
So shall a child when words profane
Drop from a parent's tongue.

The rust eats in, and oft we find
That naught that we can do
To cleanse the metal or the mind,
The brightness will renew.

☞ The Chinese affect to despise European ingenuity, but they cannot mend a common watch; when it is out of order they say it is dead, and barter it away for a living one.

☞ Augustus Mendelson, aged sixty-four years, a resident of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, while in Philadelphia recently, had a corn on one of his toes extracted. After his return home the toe began to mortify, and he had to have it amputated. Subsequently the foot mortified, and his leg was amputated below the knee. He gradually sank after the last operation, and died.

☞ The New Yorkers have quite a zoological collection in their Central Park. Among the specimens are an English rabbit, an American eagle, two Syrian broad-tailed sheep, a Canadian porcupine, one fox, (the ninth,) a pair of ring-doves, a pair of swan-geese, four young fawns, three cygnets, two pair of curassaws, two peneolopes, a kinkajou, two macaws, five whistling ducks, a "oisots," two trumpet cranes, a fine parrot, a brown gallinule and South American opossum.

WORDS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

The robin repeats his two beautiful words,
The meadow-lark whistles his one refrain;
And steadily, over and over again,
The same song swells from a hundred birds.

Bobolink, chickadee, blackbird, and jay,
Thrasher and woodpecker, cuckoo and wren,
Each sings its word, or its phrase, and then
It has nothing further to sing or say.

Into that word, or that sweet little phrase,
All there may be of its life must crowd;
And low and liquid, or hoarse and loud,
It breathes its burden of joy and praise.

A little child sits in his father's door,
Chatting and singing with careless tongue;
A thousand musical words are sung,
And he holds unuttered a thousand more.

Words measure power: and they measure thine;
Greater art thou in thy childish years
Than all the birds of a hundred spheres;
They are brutes only, but thou art divine.

Words measure destiny. Power to declare
Infinite ranges of passion and thought
Holds with the infinite only its lot—
Is of eternity only the heir.

Words measure life, and they measure its joy;
Thou hast more joy in thy childish years
Than the birds of a hundred tuneful spheres,
So—sing with the beautiful birds, my boy!

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXX.

WORK FOR THE FUTURE.

The clocks were striking four when Sara Davenal was walking through the streets of Hallingham on her return. She stepped along rapidly, her crape veil over her face, and was molested by none with greetings or condolences; but she stopped of her own accord on meeting the poor market-woman, Mrs. Handley. The woman, her face broken by sorrow, flung up her hands before Sara could speak.

"To think that he should have been the first to go!—before my poor boy, whose life, as may be said, he had been keeping in him! The one a dying for months past, the other a hale gentleman as seemed to have health in him for a lifetime. Oh, miss! what will the sick do without him?"

"How is your son?" was all Sara's answer.

"He has come nearly to his last, miss. Another week 'll see the end. When the news come out to us that the good Dr. Davenal was gone, we couldn't believe it; and my boy, he says, 'Mother, it can't be; it can't never be.' And he set on and sobbed like a child."

In spite of her efforts, the tears overflowed Sara's eyes. To have it thus brought palpably before her was more than she could bear with equanimity.

"Papa is better off," was all she murmured.

"Ah, he's better off: if ever a man had done his best in this world, miss, it was him. But who'll be found to take his place?"

With the full sense of the last question echoing in her ear, Sara continued her way. At the top of the lane contiguous to their residence was Roger, standing in disconsolate idleness. With the death of his master, Roger's occupation was gone.

Sara spoke a kind word to him in passing, and met Mr. Wheatley coming out at the gate, her father's close friend of many years. A surgeon once, but retired from the profession now. He it was who was named the sole executor to the doctor's will.

The will, which was causing surprise to the curious in Hallingham, had been made in the doctor's recent illness. It directed that all property he died possessed of should be sold, and the money realized be paid at once to his daughter. Everything was left to her. In the previous will, destroyed to make room for this, Edward Davenal's name had been associated with Mr. Wheatley's: in this Mr. Wheatley was left sole executor: in fact, Edward's name was not so much as mentioned in it.

"Have you been calling on my aunt, Mr. Wheatley?"

"No, my visit was to you," he answered. He was a bluff, plain-speaking man, tall and stout, with a red and white face, blooming as a Siberian crab, large fine blue eyes and white hair. Some people did not like Mr. Wheatley: he was too abrupt for them. But he was of inward sterling worth, honest as the day. "Neal said you were out, so I came away," he continued. "I'll go back in with you."

"I have been to see Dick and Leo," she explained. "My aunt thought I ought not to go out so soon; that people might remark upon it. But I am glad I went, poor boys!"

"People remark upon it!" echoed Mr. Wheatley. "I should like to hear them. What is there to remark upon in that? Miss Sara, I have gone through life just doing the thing I pleased according to my own notions of right, without reference to what other folks might think, and I have found it answer. You do the same, and never fear."

She led the way into the dining-room, and closed the door. She understood he wished to speak with her. The fire was burning itself out to an empty room, Miss Davenal being up-stairs. Ah, how changed the house was only in the short week or two! It would never more be alive with the trend of patients coming to consult Dr. Davenal; never more be cheered with his voice echoing through the corridors. The dwelling's occupation, like Roger's, had gone.

Mr. Wheatley sat down in the chair that had once been the doctor's, and Sara untied her bonnet strings, and took a seat near him. The fresh newspapers, unfolded, lay on the table as of yore: the whilom readers of them, the waiting sick, had ceased their visits for ever.

"Now, Miss Sara, I'm left sole executor to this will, as you heard read out yesterday," he began. "It states—I daresay you noted it—that things were to be disposed of with all convenient dispatch. Did you observe that clause?"

"Yes."

"Very good. Besides that, in the very last interview I held with my poor friend—it was the afternoon of the day he died, as you may remember—he enjoined the same thing upon me; no delay. There was a necessity, he said, for your being put in possession of the money as soon as possible."

Sara had no ready answer at hand. She believed there might be that necessity, but did not like to acknowledge it. She took off her bonnet, and laid it beside her on the table, as if at a loss for something to do.

"Now I don't want to inquire into reasons and motives," went on Mr. Wheatley. "I'd rather not inquire into them or hear them; what your father did not see fit to tell me, I'd prefer that nobody else should tell me. I am sure of one thing: that he kept it from me either out of necessity or to spare me pain. That things had not gone very straight with him, he told me; and that, coupled with the curious will, leaving everything to you without the protection of trustees or else, does of course force me to see that there's something behind the scenes. But while I admit so much, I repeat that I do not speculate upon what it may be, even in my own mind, nor do I wish to do so. One question I must ask you—were you in your father's confidence?"

"Yes. At least, if not quite entirely, sufficiently so to carry out all his directions and wishes. But, indeed, I may say I was in his confidence," she added, with less hesitation. "He talked to me a great deal the night of his death."

"And you will be at no loss what to do with the money that shall be realized."

"None."

"That's all straight then, and I know how to set to work. My dear, it was necessary that I should just say so far, for it would not have been well for us to work at cross purposes, and I am sure you do not misunderstand me. There's something behind, which is no more your secret than it is mine; it was the doctor's; and we need not further allude to it. I'll carry out his will, and you'll carry out his wishes afterwards: he hinted to me that the money would have an ulterior destination. Any suggestion you may have to make to me, you will now do with more ease than if you had supposed I was under the impression that the money was only going to you. Don't you think it was better that I should speak?"

"Indeed it was, and I thank you."

"Well, now to business. As I understand it, there's a necessity, perhaps an imperative one—in fact, the doctor told me so—for immediate action. The first consideration then is, when shall you be prepared to leave the house? Measures will be taken to put it up for sale, and there's not the least doubt of its finding a ready purchaser, for it's one of the best houses in Hallingham, and in its best part. That will be easy. The next thing will be the sale of the effects. Of course the sooner you leave the house, the sooner they can be sold."

It quite wrung her heart to hear him speak of all this in the dry tone of a man of business. She did what she could to bring her mind to bear it equably. There was no help for it; and she had resolved, by the help of heaven, to go through all unflinchingly, heedless of the pain.

"It depends upon my aunt, Mr. Wheatley. So far as I go, I could be out in a few days; but she will have her home to fix upon. I had better speak to her."

"Very well. There's another plan I have been thinking of. That instead of having the things put up for auction—a ruinous mode, Miss Sara—we might find a purchaser for them in the new occupant of the house. The worst is, the house is almost sure to be snapped up by one or other of the doctors in the town, and they most of them possess their furniture already."

"Papa said, when he was dying, that he thought Mark Cray ought to leave the Abbey and come here."

"Mark Cray? Well, he has the most right to come; he was your father's partner. I never thought of him. Of course he will; *he'll* not let it slip through his fingers. The mere taking this house would be a certain practice for any one. Mark Cray has his practice ready cut and dried to his hand, but he'll not let the house go by him."

"Mr. Cray has just furnished the Abbey."

"But perhaps he—however, it will be well that somebody should see him, and ascertain what his wishes may be. It is a pity but he had money: he might purchase the house. By the way, there's that Chancery money come or coming to his wife!"

Sara shook her head.

"That money is to be settled upon her. It was one of papa's last injunctions."

"Well; and how can that be better done than by buying freehold property, such as this? It will be the very thing for them, I should say. Let them buy this house and settle it upon her: it will be a capital investment. As to the furniture, if they don't care to buy that, it must be sold. Suppose you ask Miss Davenal when she shall be ready to vacate it; and, meanwhile, I'll see Mr. Cray."

He was a man of prompt action, this old friend of Dr. Davenal's, and he rose as he spoke, shook hands with Sara, and bustled out so hastily that even attentive Neal did not catch him up in time to close the hall-door behind him. Sara supposed he was going then and there to Mark Cray's.

She took her bonnet in her hand and went slowly up the stairs. It was not a pleasant task, this question that she had to put to her aunt, and she was glad of the little delay of even turning first into her own room to take her things off after her journey. Since the reading of the will yesterday, Miss Davenal had been in one of her most chilling moods. She had asked an explanation of Sara, when they were alone, what was the meaning of all this, what Dr. Davenal's secret was, and where the money had gone to. Sara could only evasively put her off; one of the charges enjoined on his daughter by the doctor had been—not to betray Edward to his aunt.

It was not that Dr. Davenal feared the loyalty and good faith of his sister; but he knew how bitterly she would judge Edward, and he was willing to spare blame even to his guilty son. It is possible, also, that he deemed the secret safest left to Sara alone. Whatever his motive, he had said to her: "I charge you, keep it from your Aunt Bettina;" and Sara had accepted the charge, and meant to act upon it. But Dr. Davenal might never have left it, had he foreseen the unpleasantness it entailed on Sara.

Very curious, very cross, very deaf was Bettina Davenal, as she sat in the drawing-room at her usual occupation, knitting. Her clinging mourning robes made her figure appear thinner and taller; and that, as you are aware, need not have been. She had seen from the window Sara come in, and she now thought she heard her foot-fall on the stairs; and her neck was thrown more upright than ever, and her lips were ominously compressed. It was this general displeasure which had chiefly caused the objection she made to Sara's visiting the boys. Sara had gone, defying her; at least, she looked upon it in that light. Was she about to defy her in all things?

She just looked up when Sara entered the room, and then dropped her eyelids again, never speaking. Sara stood near the window, her head shaded by the half-drawn blind.

"Well, I have been, aunt."

"Been?" grunted Miss Bettina. "Not anywhere. Where do you suppose I have been? I know propriety better than to be seen streaming abroad to-day."

Sara drew a chair to the little table on which lay her aunt's pearl basket of wool, and sat down close to her. Her pale, refined face was ominously severe, and Sara's heart seemed to faint at her task. Not at this one particular task before her, but at the heavy task altogether that her life had become. It was not by fainting, however, that she would get through it, neither was it the like of action she had carved out for herself.

"I observed that I had been to see the boys, Aunt Bettina. They both send their love to you."

"I daresay they do. Especially that impudent Dick!"

"Mrs. Kean also desired to be remembered," continued Sara.

"You can send back my thanks for the honor," ironically spoke Miss Davenal. "The last time she was at Hallingham she passed our house without calling."

"She spoke of it to-day, Aunt Bettina. She nodded to you at the window, she said, and pointed towards the station: she wished you to understand that she was pressed for time."

Aunt Bettina made no answer. She was knitting vehemently. Apparently Sara was not getting on very well.

"Mr. Wheatley has been here, aunt."

"You need not tell it me. He has been dodging in and out like a dog in a fair. Anybody but he might have respected the quiet of the house on the very day after its poor master had been taken from it. He came in and went out again, and then came in again—with you. As he *had* come, he might have been polite enough to ask for me. Neal said he wanted you. Early times, I think, to begin showing people you are the house's mistress!"

It was not a promising commencement. Sara could only apply herself to her task in all deprecating meekness.

"Aunt Bettina, he came to speak about the future. I daresay he thought you would not like to be intruded upon to-day, for he wished me to talk things over with you. He was asking when we—you—when we should be ready to vacate the house."

"To do what?" she repeated shrilly. But she heard very well. Sara was close to her and speaking in low clear tones.

"When we shall be ready to leave the house?"

"Had he not better turn us out of it to-day?" was the retort of the angry lady. "How dare he show this indecent haste?"

"Oh, aunt! You know it is only in accordance with papa's will that he has to do it. You heard it read. You read it to yourself afterwards."

"Yes, I did read it to myself afterwards: I could not believe that my brother Richard would have made such a will, and I chose to satisfy myself by reading it. Everything to be sold, indeed; as if if we were so many bankrupts! Hold your tongue, Sara! Do you think I don't grieve for the loss of the best brother that ever stepped? But there are things that I don't understand."

"There's a necessity for the things being sold, Aunt Bettina."

"He told me so before he died: *you* need not repeat it to me. Where's the money to be paid to?"

"And therefore Mr. Wheatley is desirous that there should be no unnecessary delay," Sara continued, a faint color tinging her cheek at the consciousness of evading her aunt's question. "He does not ask us to go out at once, Aunt Bettina: he only wishes to know when we shall be ready to go out."

"Then tell him from me that *I* will be no hindrance," retorted Miss Bettina, her temper rising. "To-morrow—the next day—the day after—any day he pleases, now, or in a month to come. I can get a lodging at an hour's notice."

"Aunt, *why* are you so angry with me?"

The burst came from her in her pain and vexation. She could not help feeling how unjust it was to cast this anger upon her; how little she had done to deserve it. Miss Bettina knitted on more fiercely, declining an answer.

"It is not my fault, aunt. If you knew—if you knew what I have to bear!"

"It *is* your fault, Sara Davenal. What I complain of is your fault. You are keeping this secret from me. I don't complain that they are going to sell the chairs and tables: Richard has willed it so, and there's no help for it; but I don't like to be kept in the dark as to the reason, or where the money is to go. Why don't you tell it me?"

It was a painful position for Sara. She had always been dutiful and submissive to her aunt; far more so than her brothers or Caroline had been.

"Aunt Bettina, I cannot tell you. I wish I could."

"Do you mean to imply that you do not know it?"

"No, I don't mean that. I do know it. At least, I know it partially. Papa did not tell me quite all."

Miss Bettina's usually placid chest was heaving with indignation. "And why could he not tell me, instead of you? I think I am more fit to be the depositary of a disgraceful secret than you are, a child! And I expect it is a disgraceful one."

Ah, *how* disgraceful Sara knew only too well. She sat in silence, not daring to acknowledge it, not knowing what to answer.

"Once for all—will you confide it to me?"

Sara believed, as it had come to this, that it would be better if she could confide it to her; but the injunction of Dr. Davenal was a bar, and that she felt it her duty religiously to obey. In her deep love for her father, she would not cast the onus of refusal upon him, preferring to let it rest on herself.

"Believe me, aunt, I *cannot* tell you. I am very sorry: I wish I did not know it myself. It—it was papa's secret, and I must not tell it."

In the twitching of her hands Miss Bettina contrived to throw down the ball of wool. Sara picked it up, glad of the little interlude.

It did not serve her. Her aunt caught the ball from her hand and held her before her, fixing her cold light eyes upon her face.

"How dare you play with me? Give me a final answer, yes, or no. Will you tell this secret to me?"

"I must not, aunt. It is not my fault. You blame me for what I cannot help."

"You can help being obstinate. *Will* you or will you not?"

"Then—if I have no resource I must say I will not," was Sara's pained answer. "Aunt, I cannot help myself: you should not put it in that light."

Bettina Davenal loosed her niece, and resumed her knitting, saying not another word. But the lips were drawn tightly inwards, and the long white fingers trembled at their work.

A silence ensued. Sara could but feel that her aunt had a right to feel vexed at the want of confidence, at being kept aloof from the trouble and the secret as though she were a stranger. She resumed in a tone of sweet deprecation.

Aunt Bettina, we could not have stayed on in this large house."

"Did I say we could?" asked Miss Bettina. "Not now, when all your money's gone in ducks and drakes."

"Papa—papa could not *help* the money going," she reiterated, her heart swelling in the eager wish to defend him. "He could not help it, Aunt Bettina."

"I am not saying that he could. I am not casting reproach on him. It is not to be supposed had he been able to help it that he would have let it go. How touchy you are!"

"Don't you think Mark and Caroline would like to come here, aunt? Mr. Wheatley suggested that they should be spoken to before the house is offered to others."

"There are a great many would like to come to it besides Mark Cray and Caroline," was the crusty answer of Miss Bettina. "They may not get the chance: the house is to be sold before it's let."

"But Mr. Wheatley thought that they might like to purchase it with some of this money that's coming to Caroline. He said it would be a good investment, that the house might be settled on her."

Miss Bettina, not at all a bad woman of business, was struck with the suggestion. She sat revolving it in silence, apparently only intent on her knitting. She supposed it could be so settled on Caroline, but she did not understand much of what the law might be.

"Mr. Wheatley thinks it would be so much better if these things could be taken to by whoever takes the house," proceeded Sara. "So as to avoid a public auction."

Now that was one of the sore points troubling Miss Davenal—the prospect of selling the things by public auction. She had a most inveterate hatred to any such step, looking upon all sales of furniture, no matter what the cause of sale, as a humiliation. Hence the motive which had induced her to warehouse her handsome furniture instead of selling it, when years ago she gave up housekeeping to take up her abode at Dr. Davenal's.

"Others knew that, before Mr. Wheatley," she said ungraciously. "A public auction in this house. I would not stop in the town to see it."

Miss Bettina began to debate questions in her mind. In her cold way she was fond of Caroline; that is, she deemed it her duty to be so; and she rapidly determined that Mark, and no other, should come into the doctor's house.

"Has old Wheatley spoken to Mark?" she asked.

"He said he would speak to him, aunt. I fancy he meant to speak to him at once: to-day."

"You fancy! Can't you understand things better than that?"

"He went away very quickly. It struck me he was going to Mark's then."

"But you are not sure?"

"No, I am not sure."

Miss Davenal grunted as she went on with her knitting. She herself always liked to be "sure:" so far as her deafness allowed her. Turning to glance at the timepiece, she crossed the room and opened the door. There stood Neal.

Neal at his eaves-dropping, of course. And the black robes of his mistress were so soft, her footfall so noiseless on the rich carpet, that Neal's ear for once failed him. But he was not one to allow himself to be caught. He had the coal-box in his hand, and was apparently stooping to pick up a bit of coal that had fallen on the ground. Miss Davenal would as soon have suspected herself capable of listening at doors, as that estimable servant, Neal.

"Let the dinner be on the table to the moment, Neal," were her orders. "And I shall want you to attend me abroad afterwards."

"Are you going out, Aunt Bettina?" Sara ventured to inquire.

"Yes, I am," was the sharp answer. "But not until the shades of night shall be upon the streets."

Sara understood the covert reproach. Her aunt's manners towards her had settled into a cold, chilling reserve. Sara wondered if they would ever thaw again. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wilberforce.

Mr. Wilberforce was an occasional attendant on my ministry at Kensington. He used to send for me to his house, to consult with me on particular subjects. I found him a most fidgetty little man, doing several things at once; stooping down on his knees to seal a letter at the table, and talking all the while about household affairs to Mrs. Wilberforce; sending out messages to the persons waiting in the hall; then apologizing to me, and requesting me to remind him of what he had sent to me for. I wondered how he could get through the various concerns intrusted to him with the ability and success which distinguished him. I did not trouble him much, as I always hated dangling on the great. I once ventured to request him to appear oftener amongst us, to encourage others.—"Gladly would I," said he, "for my own sake; but I should lose caste with the church, which is my sphere of usefulness;" as if the name of Methodist had not been universally applied to him. Yet he was a most generous man, and gave me one hundred pounds at once in a case of benevolence, and wrote letters to others, including one to Henry Drummond. He concealed many such acts from Mrs. Wilberforce. Once I applied to him to obtain a government situation for a deserving young man, when he replied solemnly and emphatically: "I never yet asked a favor from any ministry, being determined to keep myself free."—*Leifchild's Autobiography.*

☞ In Paris, lately, a little girl six years of age was found dead in her bed, poisoned by the carbonic acid gas emitted from flowers (May lilies) which had been placed on a table in a small chamber in which the victim slept.

Prognostics.

Inquiring into futurity unquestionably took its rise from a general custom of the oracular priests of delivering their answers. It subsisted a long time among the Greeks and Romans; and being by them adopted by the Christians, it was not till after a succession of ages that it was exploded by the Romans; it consisted in casually opening some celebrated poet, and among the Christians, the Scriptures; and drawing from the first passage which presented itself to the eye, a prognostic of what would befall the person who thus made the experiment, or as a guidance under some particular exigency.

The practice, about the third century, crept in among the Christians of casually opening their sacred books for directions under important circumstances; to know the consequence of events, and what they had to fear from their rulers. This consultation of the divine will from the Scriptures was of two kinds: the first consisted, as before said, in casually opening those writings; but not before the guidance of heaven had been implored, with prayer, fasting, and other acts of religion. The second was much more simple: the first words of the Scriptures, which were singing, or reading, at the very instant when the person who came to know the disposition of heaven entered the church, being considered as a prognostic. St. Austin, in his epistle to Januarius, condemns the practice; but St. Gregory of Tours, by the following instance, which he relates as having happened to himself, shows that he entertained a better opinion of it:

"Leudastus, Earl of Tours," says, St. Gregory, "who was bent upon ruining me with Queen Fregonde, coming to Tours, big with evil designs against me, I withdrew to my oratory under a deep concern, where I took the Psalms to try if, at opening them, I should light upon some consoling verse. My heart revived within me when I cast my eyes on this of the 77th Psalm: 'He caused them to go with confidence, while the sea swallowed up their enemies.' Accordingly, the count spake not a word to my prejudice; and, leaving Tours that very day, the boat in which he was sunk in a storm, but his skill in swimming saved him."

The following is also from the same author:

"Chramnes having revolted against Clotaires, his brother, and being at Dijon, the ecclesiastic of the place, in order to foreknow the success of the procedure, consulted the sacred books; but instead of the Psalms, they made use of St. Paul's Epistle and the Prophet Isaiah. Opening the latter, they read these words: 'I will pluck up the fence of my vineyard, and it shall be destroyed; because, instead of good it has brought forth bad grapes.' The Epistles agreeing with the prophecy, it was concluded to be a sure presage of the tragical end of Chramnes."

St. Consortia, in her youth, was passionately courted by a young man of a very powerful family, though she had formed the intention of taking the veil. Knowing that a refusal would expose her parents to many inconveniences, she desired a week's time to determine her choice. At the expiration of this time, which she had employed in devout exercises, her lover accompanied by the most distinguished matrons of the city, came to know her answer.

"I can neither accept of you nor refuse you," said she; "everything is in the hand of God; but if you will agree to it, let us go to the church, and have a mass said; afterwards let us lay the Holy Gospel on the altar, and say a joint prayer; then we will open the book, to be certainly informed of the divine will in this affair."

This proposal could not certainly be refused; and the first verse which met the eye of both was the following:

"Whosoever loveth his father or his mother better than me is not worthy of me."

Upon this Consortia said: "You see that God claims me as his own." The lover acquiesced.

About the eighth century this practice began to lose ground. It was proscribed by several Popes and councils, and in terms which rank it among Pagan superstitions. However, some traces of this custom are found for several ages after, both in the Greek and the Latin church. On the consecration of a Bishop, after laying the Bible upon his head, a ceremony still subsisted, that the first verse which presented itself was accounted an omen of his future behavior, and of the good and evil which was reserved for him in the course of his Episcopacy. Thus a Bishop of Rochester, at his consecration by Lafranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, had a very happy passage in these words:

"Bring hither the best robe, and put it on him."

But the answer of the Scripture at the consecration of St. Leibert, Bishop of Cambray, was still more grateful:

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

The death of Albert, Bishop of Liege, is said to have been intimated to him by these words, which the Archbishop who consecrated him found at the opening of the New Testament:

"And the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought, and he went and beheaded him in the prison."

On this the primate, tenderly embracing the new Bishop, said to him with tears:

"My son, having given yourself up to the service of God, carry yourself righteously and devoutly, and prepare yourself for the great trial of martyrdom."

The Bishop was afterwards murdered by the treacherous connivance of the Emperor, Henry VI.

These prognostics were alleged on the most important occasions. De Garlande, Bishop of Orleans, became so odious to the clergy, that they sent a complaint against him to Pope Alexander III., concluding in this manner:—

"Let your apostolical hands put on strength to *strip naked* the iniquity of this man; that the curse prognosticated on the day of his consecration may overtake him; for the Gospels being opened, according to custom, the first words were, 'and the young man, leaving his linen cloth, fled from them naked.'"

However ridiculous these accounts may appear, they are not more so than many other superstitions, such as fortune-telling, the interpretation of dreams, &c., which obtain at the present day; but which, thanks to philosophy, are doomed to give way to rational principles.

☞ Idaho is decidedly a fast country. If a woman becomes dissatisfied with her husband, or finds some one she likes better, she states her case to the President of the mining district, where she resides; he calls a miners' meeting; they untie the matrimonial knot, and she is at liberty to take whomsoever she pleases, provided she can get him.

LONG AGO.

When at eve I sit alone,
Thinking of the past and gone—
When the clock, with drowsy finger,
Marks how long the minutes linger—
And the embers dimly burning,
Tell of life to dust returning,
Then my lonely chair around,
With a quiet, mournful sound,
With a murmur soft and low,
Come the ghosts of long ago.

One by one I count them o'er,
Voices, that are heard no more,
Tears that loving cheeks have wet,
Words whose music lingers yet,
Holy faces, pale and fair,
Shadowy locks of waving hair,
Happy sighs and whispers dear,
Songs forgotten many a year,
Lips of dewy fragrance, eyes
Brighter, bluer than the skies,
Odors breathed from Paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide
Softly murmuring at my side,
Till the long, unfriended day
All forgotten fades away.

Thus when I am all alone,
Dreaming o'er the Past and Gone,
All around me, sad and slow,
Come the ghosts of long ago.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE THE BALL.

"Cards out for a ball at Beechborough, eh? Gay doings! Well, we'll go—yes, we'll go," said the Squire of Stoke. Now, this was no trifling concession on the part of the speaker: first, because Mr. Mainwaring hated balls; and, secondly, because, up to a very recent period, he had cared very little for cultivating any intercourse with the Darcies. When the new owners of Beechborough came to live in their recently purchased halls, none of the old county families had been more ready to welcome them than the Mainwarings. But oil and water will not mingle, nor will natures radically dissimilar, and tastes always at variance, unite in friendly intimacy. Mr. Darcy and Mr. Mainwaring could not "get on" with one another in conversation. They differed in politics, but that mattered little. They differed in habits, principles, modes of thought, and could no more understand each other than a Samoyed can pity an Arab's drought and scorched skin. Then, too, Mrs. Mainwaring, inclined at first to be very pitiful and tender with the motherless girl, who was the nearest neighbor of their own rank, had gradually grown to dislike the calm, cold Aurelia. The Mainwaring girls were all in the nursery or schoolroom, except Lucy, and Lucy had wished very much to be Aurelia's friend; but some instinct, analogous to that which was inspired by Dr. Fell, had warned her back. There was little cordiality between the families.

So much for the previous state of feeling of Stoke Park towards Beechborough Hall. But Aurelia's unobtrusive kindheartedness on the day which witnessed the cub-hunt and Kitty's accident, had wrought wonders in modifying the opinions of that young damsel's parents and elder sister towards their neighbor. Kitty was well and saucy, all but the sprained thumb that gave her some pain yet, and the scar, half healed, on her temple. But the image of his favorite daughter, pale, dishevelled, and stained with mud and blood, lying on the patchwork counterpane of the smith's bed, was often before the Squire's eyes. And along with it rose that other image of Aurelia, with her candid smile and sweet cheery voice, as she came to tell him that her carriage had been fetched for Kate's benefit.

So it came about that not only Mrs. Mainwaring, who was naturally glad that her daughter should appear at any available ball; but the squire himself, who generally had to be impressed and cajoled into the *pcine forte et dure* of escort duty to race balls, hunt balls, and county assemblies, was willing and almost eager to pay their somewhat neglected acquaintances the compliment of an early acceptance of their invitation. Kitty, who had been more spoiled than ever since her tumble, and who still exerted an invalid's privilege of finding fault, railed at the cruelty of fortune in not having antedated her birthday a few years, that she too might have been present at the Beechborough entertainment.

"I should have worn orange-colored tulle over satin, I think, because yellow suits dark people so well. I always mean to wear yellow at evening parties when I come out, or else dark blue. I like light blue and pink best, but then they wouldn't suit me, I'm sure. Light blue is just the thing for you, Lucy, and so it would be for Miss Darcy, though she's not a bit like you. What do you mean to wear? White? Nothing but white? Well, *I* shouldn't like to go to a ball without a bit of color in my dress, though, to be sure, you'll look like a bride if papa gets you down a dress from the London milliner again, as he did last year, you remember; and how nice you looked, Lucy. Well, I shall see you dressed, and that's some comfort, though it is a shame."

Lucy had thoughts and hopes of her own, of which she said nothing. Thoughts half defined, but none the less sweet from their very vagueness. Timid little hopes, like half-fledged birds, that dared not venture beyond the nest. Such hopes and thoughts as might blamelessly be cherished by a good and gentle girl, in the fresh spring of her womanhood, when the world seemed opening out brighter and sunnier vistas, day by day. Lucy Mainwaring was not one of those severe persons who are perpetually cross-examining their own hearts and taking stock of their affections. She did not own to herself how very dear her cousin Hastings, Lord Lynn, had become to her during the pleasant months of their association. But she did admit to herself, blushingly, that she should be glad to know with certainty that he cared much, very much indeed, about her.

One thing more. Lucy had an unwelcome, unrecognized idea that she was jealous of Aurelia. She tried to shut it out, she did what she could to banish it, but it came back, like remorse to a sinner's pillow. Jealousy is a mean passion for the most part, born of vanity, envy, and that avaricious self-love that grudges all admiration or devotion to others. But Lucy's pure mind was so very free from this base alloy that real jealousy, with its rankling torments and its envenomed atmosphere, could not take root there. What she called by that name was, in truth, a fear lest her bright cloud-castle of happiness, with its rainbow battlements, and towers gay with the hues of hope, should be shattered by the hand of another. She did fear lest some one—and that some one Aurelia Darcy—should come between her and Hastings, and rob her of her chance of his love.

This fear bore date from a time, recent indeed when measured by the almanac, but remote when gauged by the subtler standard of human feelings and mental progress. In the early summer, when the withered leaves that now fell, rotting at every puff of wind, were green and young, Lord Lynn was a constant visitor at Stoke, and very much of his leisure was spent with Lucy, with whom, as a kinsman, he was from the first on a footing of all but brotherly familiarity. They had walked and ridden, and read poetry together, and the little great world of that section of the county had already settled, very much to Mrs. Grundy's satisfaction, that Lucy was engaged, or going to be engaged to her cousin, Lord Lynn, when Aurelia Darcy stepped in. Now, Lucy Mainwaring, it has been said, did not much like Aurelia. And the reason she did not like her was partly instinctive, partly because Lucy had been much disappointed in Aurelia. Disappointed, that is, in the sister friend that she had hoped to find, when first she came under the spell of Miss Darcy's bewitching manners. She had soon found out that Aurelia was hard and unsympathetic, and given to despise the petty round of small cares and duties, small kindnesses, little tributes towards a reign of peace and good-will upon earth, that made up so much of Lucy's daily life. Aurelia did not care much for the poor around her. She preferred to sketch a ruinous, and therefore picturesque cottage, to passing the squalid threshold to carry aid to the ague-stricken dwellers there. She was indifferent, incredulous, sarcastic, where Lucy was all faith and pity. There could be no friendship between the two girls.

But when, one morning in the bright month of June, Miss Darcy came straight to the point, as was her way, paying an early visit to Stoke, and saying with earnest, pleading tones:

"Please, Lucy, will you help me to be good. I do so wish it; I have been thinking very seriously over what you said to me last winter. I have never lived among people who were kind and tender with the poor, and anxious for their welfare, as you and dear Mrs. Mainwaring are; and I do so wish to learn to be good, and to be of some use at least, if you will only teach me how."

Lucy remembered well how she had gone up crying, and put her arm round Aurelia's neck, and kissed her in an ecstasy of simple unselfish joy. She felt as if she had another sister given her in that hour, and indeed for some time the girls were very intimate and almost inseparable. Aurelia went everywhere with Lucy; to the school, where she took a class with great meekness, to the cottages of the needy, to the bedsides of the sick, and was liberal of smiles and kind words, liberal too of money and blankets, and port from the Beechborough cellars, and new clothes for the children of large struggling families, ragged in spite of endless darning. Indeed, Miss Darcy was by nature the reverse of niggardly; if she could have cleared off all the poverty and misery from the parish by drawing a cheque, even a very heavy one, she would have drawn it willingly. It was her time that she grudged, not her money. Indeed she had always been only too well supplied with ready cash, and she was not only her father's heiress, but Lady Maud's small fortune, a decent portion for the daughter of a poor earl, had been settled on Aurelia. It was hers, and though she was not of age her trustees, knowing her father's wealth must come to her, and render economy needless, were indulgent trustees, and honored her drafts freely.

Aurelia did not grudge her money to the poor; she did grudge her time and trouble. Yet now, for the first time in her life, she seemed indefatigable in works of mercy. She would read chapter after chapter to the deafest and most cross of old women, bedridden through long years in miserable chambers; she was wonderfully patient with the children, who learned faster from her than from any other instructress, for she had the knack of imparting knowledge. A sort of soothing influence seemed to emanate from her presence in a house of woe; mourners were comforted, the sick were won over to think less grievously of their ailments, the needy of their wants, after a visit from Miss Darcy. She seldom came empty-handed; but the attachment which the poor felt for her was not cupboard-love. There were ladies in the parish who gave more, and at ten times the cost to themselves in self-denial, but who evoked less gratitude than Aurelia, whose voice and smile had a magic quite beyond the reach of competitors. In all this good effect produced, there were but the signs of what follows from contact with a strong nature. You may meet with a hundred common-place spirits, and pass them indifferently by, but a strong nature will not be ignored. It demands our love or our hate, and is not content to conjure up mere negative sentiments. And as Aurelia's strength came veiled in smiles, and pleasant words, and gifts most royally given, the poor blessed her, and Lucy thought her a paragon of womanhood.

Only, somehow, when Lord Lynn, who very often looked in at the school, while the two young ladies were busy with their chubby-cheeked pupils—who very often strolled with them across the common to some outlying cottage, or waited for them on the foot-bridge that they must cross in coming back from the village—when Lord Lynn had formed a very high opinion of Aurelia's beauty, and talent, and goodness, and had begun to be a frequent visitor at Beechborough, Aurelia's fair stateliness was less and less often visible at cottage doors. After all, as she said to Lucy, her duties were at home. Beechborough was in Holton parish, not in Sockhurst parish, in which latter parochial division of Warwickshire lay Stoke Park. Miss Darcy was afraid that she had rather neglected her father's people; her own poor, in short. So her visits to Stoke and the Sockhurst flock of destitute and ailing, dwindled away to the proverbial paucity of angels' visits, and her intimacy with Lucy died the death that nips most girlish friendships in the flower, if not in the bud.

It is doubtful if the poor of Holton were much the better for the kind resolution of their Squire's daughter, to devote her ministering offices entirely to them. But, at any rate, Lord Lynn, who had been a stranger to the Darcies when first the friendship between Lucy and Aurelia began, was very often at the Hall, though by no means so often as at Stoke, and the gossips of the county were divided in their predictions as to the future Baroness Lynn. Lucy was slow to think evil, but really the whole affair had an ugly look. It seemed, it did seem as though Aurelia's sudden resolve to be good, and her abrupt plunge into the character of a Lady Bountiful, were merely parts of a deliberate plan to wile away Lucy's cousin, and Lucy's probable admirer, and that, when the prize was gained, the mask was dropped. Lucy never owned that she thought this; but she did think it, and Mr. and Mrs. Mainwaring thought so too. But for Aurelia's kindness at the time when Kitty met with her accident, most likely Stoke Park would have declined any invitation from Beechborough Hall.

That thoughtfulness of Aurelia's, coupled with such frank unconsciousness of any cause of offence or ill-will, as Miss Darcy's manner expressed, had softened the hearts of the Mainwarings, father, mother, and daughter, towards her. And Lucy, generous and glad to think well of even an estranged friend, began to think Aurelia might not have been to blame in that other matter of her cousin. Perhaps Lord Lynn only took pleasure in Aurelia's company because she was so clever and well-informed, being able to talk on subjects quite out of her, Lucy's, depth; and perhaps Miss Darcy had never really tried to win him away from her, Lucy. Perhaps he was not to be so won. He had never spoken a word of love; but the eyes have a language as well as the flowers, and a look, a tone, the pressure of a hand, may mean much. Lucy felt almost sure, very, very nearly sure, that Hastings, her dear cousin, loved her, and she looked forward coyly, but hopefully, to the time when he should breathe his love, and ask for hers in return. He would do so at the ball perhaps, who could tell?

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE BALL.

"How very well Miss Darcy looks to-night—showy and splendid; quite the queen of the ball," muttered Mrs. Blithe to toothless old Lady Midgett, who played wallflower at her side, and who had come in charge of three daughters as tall and formidable as grenadiers. "Don't you think, though, that, in her own house, it would have been better taste to have been less magnificent in her costume?"

And yet, although the amiable speaker did contrive, in social fashion, to add the sting of censure to the honey of praise, the criticism was hardly a fair one. It was Aurelia who looked magnificent, not her costume. She was in plain white satin, without so much as bright-colored sash or flower, or scrap of ribbon, to relieve the whiteness. To be sure, she wore the diamonds that her grandfather, old Mr. Hanks, had in the joy of his heart presented to her mother, Lady Maud, as a wedding-gift—very costly diamonds, and very brightly they flashed on the queenly head and the white neck and shapely white arms. But the beautiful rounded arms, so full, so firm, so smoothly polished, like Carrara marble, seemed rather to grace the diamonds than to borrow lustre from them.

The ball was a brilliant one, for Aurelia had for once received *carte blanche* to manage it as she pleased, and no outlay or toil had been spared. A famous decorator, who in his day had decked out a thousand fairy palaces as ephemeral as the hoar-frost on a window-pane, had come down from London to exercise his art at Beechborough. The result was a pretty profusion of rare exotic flowers and plants, turning the supper-room, in especial, into the semblance of a nook of Indian jungle that had found its way to Warwickshire. A profusion, too, of dainty devices, wherein tinted lamps and glistening evergreens, and roses that June appeared to have lent to October, and trophies of glittering steel and gold, combined harmoniously. Besides these, there were fountains tinkling small music as their drops fell from the shining stones and shells of little grottoes, draped with green soft moss and feathery ferns, into the tiny pools where gold-fish swam unconcernedly. There were rich new hangings to the windows, an archway of greenery and colored lamps, through which the carriages drove up to the door, and lamps, and clusters of lamps, twinkling like glow-worms among the trees of the garden.

"How beautiful!" "How sweetly pretty!" "How fairylike!" These and other feminine ejaculations showed that the company could not repress their admiration, more or less conventionally expressed, for the result of their entertainer's forethought.

Aurelia had done it all. Even the magician whom she had summoned from his retreat in the vasty deep of London, and who was better used to display his skill in ducal mansions and earls' castles than in the Hall of a country gentleman, was surprised by her taste. Some of his best effects were due to her; but she by no means claimed credit for the prettinesses that she had invented, but left the *maestro* from London the full merit of the designs. As for Mr. Darcy, he had exercised considerable self-control in refraining from meddling or cavilling throughout the whole preliminary process. He had not one original idea, except this, that he could set others right. But on this occasion, by special favor to his daughter, he abstained from correcting so much as a single mistake. He indemnified himself by a vow, that this his first ball given on English ground—Lady Maud had often entertained abroad—should also be his last; yes, positively the last. Men are truer prophets sometimes than they wot of. George Cook Darcy is not likely again to figure as a ball-giver.

There was a numerous, and what the country paper called a "distinguished," company. The rank, wealth, and old descent of that portion of the county of Warwickshire were very well represented there; and this was the more satisfactory, because it had once been feared that the weak point of the assembly would prove to be the social standing of the guests. The Darcies were hardly recognized as yet among the magnates of the province. They were like some parvenue dynasty that has hardly obtained the precious notice of the *Almanach de Gotha*, and to whose chief the other august ones of Europe are shy of penning the words: "Monsieur, mon frere."

Indeed, though Warwick is not so prudish about pedigree as Salop and Cheshire, the county people did not take kindly at first to George Darcy and his daughter. Aurelia's father had done nothing to ennoble his origin; he had shown no brains, no courage, no excellence in any walk of life. He was not even a mute M.P. He was not an active officer of the militia, or even a patron and promoter of the Volunteer movement, just then in its crowning infancy. Nobody could say that George Darcy was very good, or a scholar, or a sportsman, or even funny. He was merely a dull, peevish man, whose one achievement in the world's battle had been to marry a nobleman's daughter. Lady Maud might easily have floated the Darcies, had she lived; but she did not live; and the widower could only wish for the respect and intimacy of the great ones of the province, helplessly wish for these things, but without effort, as a child might wish for the moon.

It was not until Aurelia had come back from a long visit paid to her aunt, Lady Harriet Ogle, in Ireland, that the position of the new-comers had, socially speaking, begun to improve. But though the process of sapping the prejudices of her neighbors was necessarily slow, Aurelia triumphed gradually over their passive resistance. Family after family gave in their adhesion, rumbled and rattled to Beechborough in their roomy yellow or green carriages, asked the Darcies to dinner, and accepted the hospitality of the son of honest Mr. Hanks. There was no harm in the Darcies, the good folks sagely said; and of late the progress of Aurelia towards the summit of social success had been wonderfully accelerated; for it was rumored that Aurelia was to marry Lord Lynn, and if so, it would never do to give Lady Lynn of Hollingsley Court reason to avenge slights offered to Miss Darcy. So the ball was a full one; and the jolly cavalry officers, who had come all the way from their quarters at Coventry, had good cause to declare to one another that the party was a "stunning hop."

Aurelia played the part of hostess—always a difficult one for an unmarried girl—very well and tastefully. The most pursy and censorious of the dowagers owned that her manners were very good; that she was quite well bred; and, crowning praise, that she was not the least like her father—poor man! Indeed, her self-possession and tact were worthy of much commendation.

But what would the old ladies who praised Aurelia have said had they seen her an hour before it was time to dress, glancing over a letter that the postman had mislaid, and which had come to hand late in the day—a letter dated from a place called Nine Stone Bridge, in Ireland, and signed Mary Kelly; a short letter, written in a weak feminine hand, and blistered by tears wrung forth by agitation and nervousness more than by genuine grief, in which letter Mary Kelly announced that her husband, the "Doctor," was lying helplessly in the agonies of delirium tremens, and so was quite unable to comply with Miss Darcy's wish of hurrying over to England to obey her commands. It was a bad case, the practitioner who had been called in declared. The sick man's constitution was strong, but the effects of long intemperance were but two powerful, and whiskey was soon likely to close the career of Michael Kelly, M. D. The parish priest—Dr. Kelly's poor ill-treated wife, but his patient nurse now, wrote word to that effect to Aurelia—the parish priest was very desirous to come to the sufferer's bedside; but in his lucid moments, the dying man was obstinate in his assertion that his word was his bond, and better than any bond lawyers ever drew; and that without Miss Darcy's leave he would not confess, however tremendous, according to the faith of his church, the consequences of such obduracy might be.

With the contents of this letter freshly stamped upon her memory, with the ashes of the letter itself still lying, flimsy blackened tinder, on the hearthstone of her favorite Blue Room, and with a dark undercurrent of thought flowing through her mind, this girl of twenty did the honors of Beechborough with faultless composure. The chaperons praised her; the young ladies her contemporaries, envied her good looks, and blaze of jewels, and serene majesty, which last quality, however, they agreed to be better suited to a married woman than to a spinster. The men—those who danced—beset her with requests for a waltz or a mazurka, or, if a round dance were not still in the market, for a quadrille. To walk through a quadrille would not be such very slow work, the Coventry dragoons thought, with such a partner as Aurelia. But neither dowager nor damsel, neither beaux nor portly old fathers of families, talking of turnips and oilcake in the doorways, suspected how heavy was the secret that their fair hostess hid behind her mask of gracious smiles.

There was only, in popular estimation, one rival present, whose attractions were worthy to cope with those of Aurelia. This was Lucy Mainwaring. She was in white too, like Aurelia. But while Miss Darcy's style of dress, as befitted the wearer, was rich and massive in its character, and set off by gems, Lucy had no ornament but the spray of white Alpine heath in her glossy brown hair. She looked very lovely, however, with a cloud of delicate white crape floating about her as she was whirled round in the dance by Lord Lynn, with her bright color, and pure healthful complexion, and soft brown eyes. Many critics declared, that though Aurelia was certainly a superb creature, Lucy was really by far the prettier of the two, and a hundred times more the type of what an English girl should be. Those who piqued themselves on their insight into the feelings and conduct of their neighbors, were perplexed to see with what vexatious impartiality Lord Lynn, the most eligible of the unmarried men present, divided his attentions between his gentle cousin and the queenly mistress of the Hall. Such certainly seemed to be the case, though the result was different. It was impossible for even the most veteran gossip to affirm that Aurelia showed the slightest preference for Lord Lynn, or seemed flattered by his notice. She danced with him twice certainly, but then he was known to be intimate at Beechborough; and she smiled at what he said, just as impartially as at the compliments or remarks of the officers of Coventry, absolute strangers to her and the county.

Lucy, however, could not quite avoid betraying her innocent preference for her kinsman's society. Her eyes brightened when he spoke to her; her smile was never so happy, or her step so elastic, as when he was her partner; and she could not help the flush that mantled her face when first he came into the ball-room and her eyes met his. There were plenty of people to take note of all these things; there always are; and many tongues wagged to the same purport, that whether or no Lord Lynn was going to propose for his cousin, pretty Miss Mainwaring, it was clear that the young lady in question was over head and ears in love with him.

Supper was worthy of the ball. The force of Gunter—people still swore by Gunter in 1859—could no further go. The long tables were a blaze of gold and silver plate, gaudy tropical flowers, reared in hot-houses for the Covenant Garden market, trickling fountains of perfumed water, crystal, Bohemian glass, rare fruits, and things meant to be eaten, sipped, or looked at, according to their specialities. It was a capital supper; the popping of champagne corks and cracker bonbons made noise enough for a Volunteer review; there was a perpetual babble of voices and din of laughter mingling with the inevitable clatter which even silver-gilt forks will make on the most delicate porcelain plates; people enjoyed themselves very much; and the honest captains from Coventry, as they dipped their wax-ended moustaches in creaming Clicquot worthy an emperor's drinking, freely admitted that the "feed was as good as the hop," that old Darcy did the thing well, and that the ball at Beechborough might vie with the most brilliant affairs registered in their military memories, even with that crowning festival which "we" gave on entering York.

Dancing went on, more merrily than ever, after supper. The music rang out more wildly and gayly than before, and fifty couples were twirling at once to a lively waltz tune; then Aurelia, in answer to Lord Lynn's half-jesting petition, consulted her little chronicle of engagements, and found that she had promised him the waltz in question. They danced it together very well, for Lord Lynn was a good dancer, and people said, and with truth, that Aurelia's stately figure never looked to more advantage. Then they walked together, arm in arm, through the rooms, and into the conservatory, where a subdued light gleamed through the screen of hot-house flowers, and so out upon the broad stone terrace overlooking the gardens. It was a still, sultry night. The day had been one of those warm, breezeless, brilliant days that in October sometimes suggest August; and everybody had said that the Darcies had been most fortunate in their weather. The air was warm, but it seemed gratefully cool after the heat of the crowded rooms.

The gossips of Warwickshire, among other drawing-room canons, had laid down the axiom, that Lord Lynn was a flirt. They were quite wrong; the young owner of Hollingsley Court did not flirt. He was neither hard enough nor shallow enough to play the hackneyed part of roving, in butterfly style, from flower to flower, with the certainty of perishing, as butterflies perish, when summer is done, uncared for and alone. The only two names which rumor coupled with his were those of Lucy, his cousin, and Aurelia; and whatever others might think, Lord Lynn felt sure that his affection for Lucy was of a brotherly character—yes, he was certain that it was so. Lucy was a very good, gentle, charming little thing, and to be in her company was very refreshing and agreeable. He paid her much attention, because she was his friend and kinswoman; and it was a privilege to have such a friend—so affectionate, tender, and trusting. There had been a time, before Aurelia became so frequent a visitor at Stoke, when Lord Lynn had doubted whether he did not feel more warmly towards Lucy than was consistent with his theory of fraternal intercourse. She was very pretty, unselfish, rich in good qualities, and such a wife would have insured the happiness of his home. But—

But there was Aurelia. Hastings, Baron Lynn, if he was unable to resist the fascination which seemed to envelope Aurelia like an enchanted atmosphere, had not succumbed blindly. By some strange instinct, much as he admired Aurelia, he was conscious of the existence in her nature of certain elements foreign to those in his own. That she was profoundly artful, he did not suspect; that she was callous, indolent, and selfish, he did. And Aurelia had, if not an enemy, at least an opponent to whom she had never given more than a passing thought. Lord Lynn's mother, between whom and himself there had always been full confidence, wrote repeatedly to her son to express her regret that, if fame were to believed, he was paying his addresses to Miss Darcy.

"I have nothing whatever to say against that young lady" (one of the dowager's recent letters ran thus.) "Indeed, I have made it my business, for your sake, to inquire concerning her of such of our old Warwickshire friends as come this way, and I am bound to say that they one and all describe her conduct and character as irreproachable. I daresay she is well-principled, and would do no discredit to your choice. But, dearest Hastings, I have always longed and prayed that your wife might be one whom I could really love and cherish as my own dear daughter. Now, I have seen this Miss Darcy once, when she was much younger, and travelling in Italy with her father and poor lady Maud, who brought her up very injudiciously, I suspect. She was quite a child then, but a very remarkable child. She almost frightened me. She was not froward, or noisy, or sullen, as spoiled children often are; but there was something in those cold, gray eyes of hers—something pitiless—something that made me shudder. She had a very pretty smile and winning manner, and though she did not promise to be very handsome I hear she is a great beauty now, but growing girls disappoint all predictions—she was much liked, and not a little praised for her cleverness; but I know, Hastings, what I read in her face, young as it was—I daresay she conceals her thoughts better now than at fourteen—it was the expression of a merciless, iron will, unrestrained by conscience or sensibility; and I thought to myself, if that girl should live to be handsome and a rich heiress, as seemed likely, for her brother was always in bad health, I should pity her husband.

"But, Hastings, my dear, dear boy, I never dreamed that *you* would be that husband. I hope it is not so; I hope the report that has reached me, that you are always at Beechborough, and are on the point of proposing marriage to Miss Darcy, is false. Now, my son, do not mistake me; you are your own master, and even if you were not old enough, and wise enough, and clever and experienced enough, to judge for yourself in a matter that mainly concerns yourself, still it would be an ungrateful return for all your generous kindness to your sisters and myself, since you succeeded to your poor father's station and property, were I to attempt unduly to influence you in this matter. Should you think fit to marry Miss Darcy, I shall offer no remonstrance, further than by imploring you, my dear, to be sure that you quite, quite know your own mind and your own heart before you take a step so momentous to your life-long happiness. Remember, Hastings, there is no chain like wedded misery. However, should you decide that Aurelia Darcy is worthy to be your wife, and should she plight her faith to you, (and I really have no accusation, beyond a vague antipathy, perhaps silly, to bring against her,) I will do my best to love her and to welcome her as your bride. I had hoped that your selection would rather have been Lucy Mainwaring, whom I saw with Augusta and the Squire, two years since, in Switzerland, and who really seemed the dearest girl;" &c.

Now, Lord Lynn had a high opinion of his mother's keen-sightedness in the intricacies of feminine character, and a natural dislike, as an affectionate son, to vex his mother by a match against which she had evidently set her heart. At the same time he was growing every day more and more deeply in love with Aurelia; and he would, not being one of those despicable danglers who waste half a life in the half-hearted pursuit of a prize they dare not grasp at, have

proffered his love in plain words, weeks ago, but for one of those curious conflicts of sentiments that sometimes arise in a human breast. Strange to say, that very antipathy to Aurelia Darcy of which his mother spoke, he, too, had felt on first seeing her; he had crushed it down as a morbid folly, but the fact remained. As his eye first rested on Miss Darcy, he had felt an involuntary shiver of repulsion, such as men feel on seeing some beautiful serpent, lithe and deadly, with gilded scales, horrent crest, and venomed fang. This impression had been deadened and conquered by acquaintance with Aurelia, and by all her charms of mind and person. It had faded like the light of a candle, killed by the sun's broad lustrous glare. He loved her. But the old dread and shuddering horror, dwarfed to the smallest dimensions consistent with existence, still lurked in a corner of his mind, and his mother's fond warnings made him uneasy. Lord Lynn was not one of those men who can love on, even when they know the beloved object to be base and worthless. Such men there are, but happily they are few. He was of a different stamp; and yet there he stood beside Aurelia on the terrace, and he looked into her face, that fair, calm, candid-seeming face, with the dimpling smiles about the mouth, and the gray inscrutable eyes that never smiled, and he believed in her, and his love was without alloy of doubt. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A ROMAN FEAST AT HADRIAN'S VILLA.

Let us follow the Emperor, and pass invisible through the guards at the portal, and the crowd of Sicilian cooks, pantomimists, slaves, and dependents in the outer hall. Guided by the sound of music, let us penetrate to the coenaculum itself. Here, on semicircular couches, recline the Emperor and his guests, their hair redolent of fragrant ointments, their fingers covered with rings, and their jewelled slippers lying beside them on the floor. Each man holds in his left hand a napkin with a gold and purple fringe. On the table stand small images of the gods. At the lower end of the room is an elevated stage, on which a party of buffoons are performing a comic interlude. The visitors play at dice between the courses. Now and then, through revolving compartments in the ceiling, flowers and perfumes are showered down upon the feasters, while slaves stand by, whose duty it is to fan away the flies and bring fresh towels and scented waters to the guests after every dish.

"The feast begins to the sound of trumpets, and slaves carry round cups of Falernian wine flavored with honey. Then come oysters from the Lucrine lake, cray-fish from Misenum, mullets from the Baiæ, lampreys, and perhaps a sturgeon, which is weighed alive at table, allowed to expire before the eyes of the guests, and then carried off to the kitchen, presently to appear again, cooked with a rich sauce of wine and pickles. Then come dishes of nightingales, thrushes, roasted shrimps, African cockles, Mellan cranes, Ambracian kid, and a boar from the Umbrian forests, roasted whole and stuffed with beef and veal. This is carved by the *carptor*, with pantomimic gestures, to the sound of music.

"Next some jars of rare Massic and Chian wines are opened, a libation is poured out to the gods, and the Emperor pledges his guests. Then enter four musicians playing on double flutes, followed by as many servants crowned with flowers. They bring the royal dish of the entertainment—a peacock with all its plumage displayed on a salver garlanded with roses. At this sight the guests burst into murmurs of applause, and salute the Emperor. The buffoons now retire, and a couple of gladiators make their appearance on the stage, armed with helmets, bucklers, greaves, and short-swords. The serious business of supper being now over, and the dessert about to be brought on, the feasters have leisure to enjoy this more exciting amusement. Additional cushions are brought, spiced wines are handed round, the tables are cleared, fresh cloths are laid, the guests lean back; the Emperor gives the signal, and the gladiator begins the combat. Now pistachio nuts, dates, Venafran olives, Matian apples, pears, grapes, dried figs, mushrooms, sweet cakes, preserves, and all kinds of delicate confectionery moulded into curious and graceful devices, are placed upon the table. Conversation becomes animated. A gladiator falls, mortally wounded; the spectators cry '*habet!*' a fresh combatant replaces him, and the Emperor himself deigns to bet upon the victor. Thus, amid bloodshed, dicing, wine, and feasting, the hours pass by, and the entertainment draws to a close. Valuable presents are distributed to the guests. One gets a precious ring, one a robe of Syrian dye, another a sketch by Parhasius, another a bust of Hadrian in colored marbles; and thus each takes his leave enriched and feasted, and pours a last libation to the health of the Emperor and the honor of the gods."

All is Each, and Each is All.

The sullen mountain and the bee that hums
A flying joy about its flowery base,
Each from the same immediate fountain comes,
And both compose one evanescent race.

Proud man, exulting in his strength and thought,
The torpid clod he treads beneath his way,
One parent Artist's skill alike has wrought,
And they are brothers in their fate to-day.

There is no difference in the texture fine
That's woven through organic rock and grass,
And that which thrills man's heart in every line,
And o'er its web God's weaving fingers pass.

Oriental Poetry.

INDEPENDENT CRITICISM.—A critical paper in New York, called the "Round Table," is the subject of the following note in Mr. Jarvis's recently published book, "The Art Idea:"

"The eccentricities of criticism would make as entertaining a book as the "Curiosities of Literature." In the London Fine Arts Quarterly for October, 1863, there appeared an article of mine on the 'Artists of America," which was noticed by the New York Round Table in not a flattering spirit. Shortly after, the article in the Quarterly was translated into German, and published in the *Dioskuren*, of Berlin, which translation was *translated back* into the English for the Round Table, as a *German criticism* on "Art and Artists in America," containing *some very interesting remarks on our leading men*, etc.

☞ The first American flag ever raised in this country is on exhibition at the great Sanitary Fair in Philadelphia. It was first hoisted by Paul Jones, on board the frigate Bon Homme Richard, and afterwards transferred to the frigate Alliance.

MECHANICAL INVENTIONS
And Inventors.
(CONTINUED.)

Steam-locomotion, by sea and land, had long been dreamt of and attempted. Blasco de Garay made his experiment in the harbor of Barcelona as early as 1543; Dens Papin made a similar attempt at Cassel in 1707; but it was not until Watt had solved the problem of the steam-engine that the idea of the steamboat could be developed in practice, which was done by Miller of Dalswiton in 1788. Sages and poets have frequently foreshadowed inventions of great social moment. Thus Dr. Darwin's anticipation of the locomotive, in his *Botanic Garden*, published in 1791, before any locomotive had been invented, might almost be regarded as prophetic:—

"Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, and drive the rapid car."

Denis Papin first threw out the idea of atmospheric locomotion; and Gauthey, another Frenchman, in 1782, projected a method of conveying parcels and merchandize by subterraneous tubes,* after the method recently patented and brought into operation by the London Pneumatic Despatch Company. The balloon was an ancient Italian invention, revived by Mongolfier long after the original had been forgotten. Even the reaping-machine is an old invention revived. Thus Barnabee Googe, the translator of a book from the German entitled "The whole Arte and Trade of Husbandrie," published in 1577, in the reign of Elizabeth, speaks of the reaping-machine as a worn-out invention,—a thing "which was woont to be used in France. The device was a lowe kinde of carre with a couple of wheels, and the fruit armed with sharpe syckles, whiche, forced by the beaste through the corne, did cut down al before it. This tricke," says Googe, might be used in levell and champion countreys; but with us it wolde make but ill-favored worke."† The Thames Tunnel was thought an entirely new manifestation of engineering genius; but the tunnel under the Euphrates at ancient Babylon, and that under the wide mouth of the harbor at Marseilles (a much more difficult work,) show that the ancients were beforehand with us in the art of tunnelling. Macadamized roads are as old as the Roman empire; and suspension-bridges, though comparatively new in Europe, have been known in China for centuries.

There is every reason to believe—indeed, it seems clear—that the Romans knew of gunpowder, though they only used it for purposes of fire-works; while the secret of the destructive Greek-fire has been lost altogether. When gunpowder came to be used for purposes of war, invention busied itself upon instruments of destruction. When recently examining the Museum of the Arsenal at Venice, we were surprised to find numerous weapons of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries embodying the most recent English improvements in arms, such as revolving pistols, rifled muskets, and breech-loading cannon. The latter, embodying Sir William Armstrong's modern idea, though in a rude form, had been fished up from the bottom of the Adriatic, where the ship armed with them had been sunk hundreds of years ago. Even Perkins's steam-gun was an old invention revived by Leonardo da Vinci, and by him attributed to Archimedes.‡ The Congreve-rocket is said to have an Eastern origin, Sir William Congreve having observed its destructive effects when employed by the forces under Tippoo Saib in the Mahratta war, on which he adopted and improved the missile, and brought out the invention as his own.

Coal-gas was regularly used by the Chinese for lighting purposes long before it was known among us. Hydropathy was generally practised by the Romans, who established baths wherever they went. Even chloroform is no new thing. The use of either as an anæsthetic was known to Albertus Magnus, who flourished in the thirteenth century; and in his works he gives a recipe for its preparation. In 1681 Denis Papin published his *Traite des Operations sans Douleur*, showing that he had discovered methods of deadening pain. But the use of anæsthetics is much older than Albertus Magnus or Papin; for the ancients had their nepenthe and madragora; the Chinese their mayo, and the Egyptians their hachisch (both preparations of Cannabis Indica,) the effects of which in a great measure resemble those of chloroform. What is perhaps still more surprising is the circumstance that one of the most elegant of recent inventions, that of sun-painting by the daguerrotype, was in the fifteenth century known to Leonardo da Vinci,‖ whose skill as an architect and engraver, and whose accomplishments as a chemist and natural philosopher, have been almost entirely overshadowed by his genius as a painter.§ The idea, thus early born, lay in oblivion until 1760, when the daguerrotype was again clearly indicated in a book published in Paris, written by a certain Tiphanie de la Roche, under the anagrammatic title of *Giphantie*. Still later, at the beginning of the present century, we find Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Humphry Davy, and James Watt making experiments on the action of light upon nitrate of silver; and only within the last few months a silvered copper-plate has been found among the old household lumber of Matthew Boulton (Watt's partner,) having on it a representation of the old premises at Soho, apparently taken by some such process.¶

In like manner, the invention of the electric telegraph, supposed to be exclusively modern, was clearly indicated by Schwenter in his *Delassemens Physico-Mathematiques*, published in 1636; and he there pointed out how two individuals could communicate with each other by means of the magnetic needle. A century later, in 1746, Le Monnier exhibited a series of experiments in the Royal Gardens at Paris, showing how electricity could be transmitted through iron wire nine hundred and fifty fathoms in length; and in 1753 we find one Charles Marshall publishing a remarkable description of the electric telegraph in the *Scots' Magazine*, under the title of "An Expeditious Method of conveying Intelligence." Again, in 1760, we find George Louis Lesage, Professor of Mathematics at Geneva, promulgating his invention of an electric telegraph, which he eventually completed and set to work in 1774. This instrument was composed of twenty-four metallic wires, separate from each other and enclosed in a non-conducting substance. Each wire ended in a stalk mounted with a little ball of elder-wood suspended by a silk thread. When a stream of electricity, no matter how slight, was sent through the wire, the elder-ball at the opposite end was repelled, such movement designating some letter of the alphabet. A few years later, we find Arthur Young, in his *Travels in France*, describing a similar machine invented by a M. Lomond, of Paris, the action of which he also describes.* In these and similar cases, though the idea was born and the model of the invention was actually made, it still waited the advent of the scientific mechanical inventor who should bring it to perfection, and embody it in a practical, working form.

Some of the most valuable inventions have descended to us without the names of their authors having been preserved. We are the inheritors of an immense legacy of the results of labor and ingenuity, but we know not the names of our benefactors. Who invented the watch as a measure of time? Who invented the fast and loose pulley? Who invented the eccentric? Who, asks a mechanical inquirer,† "invented the method of cutting screws with stocks and dies? Whoever he might be, he was certainly a great benefactor of his species. Yet (adds the writer) his name is not known, though the invention has been so recent." This is not, however, the case with most modern inventions, the greater number of which are more or less disputed. Who was entitled to the merit of inventing printing has never yet been determined. Weber and Senefelder both laid claim to the invention of lithography, though it was merely an old German art revived. Even the invention of the penny-postage system by Sir Rowland Hill is disputed; Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, claiming to be its inventor, and a French writer alleging it to be an old French invention‡. The invention of the steamboat has been claimed on behalf of Blasco de Garay, a Spaniard; Papin, a Frenchman; Jonathan Hulls, an Englishman; and Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, a Scotchman. The invention of the spinning-machine has been variously attributed to Paul, Wyatt, Hargreaves, Higley, and Arkwright. The invention of the balance-spring was claimed by Huyghens, a Dutchman; Hautefeuille, a Frenchman; and Hooke, an Englishman. There is scarcely a point of detail in the locomotive but is the subject of dispute. Thus, the invention of the blast-pipe is claimed for Trevithick, George Stephenson, Goldsworthy Gurney, and Timothy Hackworth; that of the tubular boiler, by Seguin, Stevens, Booth, and W. H. James; that of the link-motion, by John Gray, Hugh Williams, and Robert Stephenson.

* "16th October, 1787. In the evening to M. Lomond, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic, who has made an improvement of the jenny for spinning cotton. Common machines are said to make too hard a thread for certain fabrics, but this forms it loose and spongy. In electricity he has made a remarkable discovery: you write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pith-ball; a wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate; from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance: within and without a besieged town, for instance; or for a purpose much more worthy, and a thousand times more harmless, between two lovers prohibited or prevented from any better connection. Whatever the use may be, the invention is beautiful.—ARTHUR YOUNG'S *Travels in France* in 1787–8–9. London, 1792, 4to ed., p. 95.

† *Mechanic's Magazine*, 4th February, 1859.

‡ A writer in the *Monde* says: "The invention of postage-stamps is far from being so modern as is generally supposed. A postal regulation in France of the year 1653, which has recently come to light, gives notice of the creation of pre-paid tickets to be used for Paris instead of money payments. These tickets were to be dated and attached to the letter or wrapped round it, in such a manner that the postman could remove and retain them on delivering the missive. These franks were to to be sold by the porters of the convents, prisons, colleges, and other public institutions, at the price of one sou."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

* *Memoires de l'Academie des Sciences*, 6 February, 1730.

† *Farmer's Magazine*, 1817, No. LXXI. 201.

‡ *Vieux-Neuf*, I, 228; *Inventa Nova-Antiqua*, 742.

‖ *Vieux-Neuf*, I. 19. See also *Inventa Nova-Antiqua*, 803.

§ Mr. Hallam, in his *Introduction to the History of Europe*, pronounces the following remarkable eulogium on this extraordinary genius: "If any doubt could be harbored, not only as to the right of Leonardo da Vinci to stand as the first name of the fifteenth century, which is beyond all doubt, but as to his originality in so many discoveries, which probably no one man, especially in such circumstances, has ever made, it must be on an hypothesis not very untenable, that some parts of physical science had already attained a height which mere books do not record." "Unpublished MSS. by Leonardo contain discoveries and anticipations of discoveries," says Mr. Hallam, "within the compass of a few pages, so as to strike us with something like the awe of preternatural knowledge."

¶ The plate is now to be seen at the museum of Patents at South Kensington. In the account which has been published of the above discovery it is stated that "an old man of ninety (recently dead or still alive) recollected, or recollects, that Watt and others used to take portraits of people in a dark (?) room; and there is a letter extant of Sir William Beechey, begging the Lunar Society to desist from these experiments, as, were the process to succeed, it would ruin portrait-painting."

Modern Lepers.

There are one or two features of modern Jerusalem that bring up to the visitor very vividly the life and miracles of Christ. Along the wayside, just outside the Jaffa gate, sit a number of lepers, suffering all the horrors of the loathsome disease. As the traveller passe she is implored by leprous hands outstretched toward him to give something, and the tone of voice in which it is asked is most sickening evidence of the inroads of the disease; their voices, which sound alike, are nearly gone, the only intelligible words being, "howadji," or traveller. Sometimes they call out "hadji," the Eastern word for "pilgrim." They live in Jerusalem, just by one of the gates, and are shunned by the other inhabitants.

The history of a wealthy French physician, who came to Jerusalem some years ago, with the purpose of healing these hopelessly afflicted creatures, is no doubt fresh in the memory of many readers. He supposed that he had discovered an infallible remedy, and at once came to the "Holy City" to test it. He was not, however, successful in helping the poor victims, and, not taking sufficient care, he, within three months, became himself contaminated, and died of the disease in its worst form. This zealous physician was a Latin Catholic, and bequeathed the bulk of his large fortune to various convents in Palestine.

☞ The Siamese twins have each a house, a mile from the other. They live in each three days alternately, and each twin is boss in his own mansion, the other becoming for the time merely a silent partner. One has eight and the other nine children. The Nashville Telegraph inquires what Gen. Sherman would do if one were disloyal, and had to be sent South, while the other remained loyal.

☞ WHAT'S IN A NAME.—A gentleman in London advertises that he has changed his surname from "O'Flahertie" to "De Vere," and will in future be known as Albert Henry Benson De Vere!

LOOKING AT THE LADIES.

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

A cat may look at a king, they say; so I suppose a dog may look at a queen, and a man may look at Anglicans. In fact he may be said to be expected to do so. England, as we know, expects every man to do his duty; and is not one part of it to look at Anglicans? To what other end are the large bonnets and the small bonnets; the large crinolines and the small crinolines; the light blue, the light green, and the light pink silks; the taffetas, the tulles, the fluted skirts, the passementerie, the *corsages a couture*; the black, the bronze, and the purple boots; the tiny shoes with coquettish rosettes; the white, the red, and the striped stockings; the plain and the frilled—what was I going to say?—and the petticoats as many—in point of pattern—as the sand upon the sea-shore? Some men consider it not so much perhaps a duty as a privilege, or a right. Clericus (a pillar of the church with whom I have the honor of acquaintance) always struck me as taking the view of the matter which represents inspection of Anglicans as a right. He is a divine whose character will bear the strictest investigation, so pray let us have no sly insendoes; but he is very tenacious of his rights; he'll have his tithes, if he dies for it, both in other matters, and especially in the case of looking at Anglicans. The consequence is that I have found it upon more than one occasion embarrassing to walk with him. For should we encounter Anglicana, with her parasol held in that provoking fashion which conceals her face and leads you to suppose that either she is in a spiteful mood or isn't good-looking, or is or has been crying, or has a black upon her nose—that fashion, in fact, which piques your curiosity almost beyond toleration—Clericus, to my horror, always drops a sort of courtesy, bends his long legs, ducks his great head, and endeavors to look under the parasol in search of his rights. His white tie, fortunately, conspicuously proclaims his holy office, and the solemnity of his countenance sufficiently vindicates him from any charge of levity, and makes it abundantly clear that his extraordinary proceedings arise only from a stern sense of justice, or I should tremble to think of the fate which might some day befall the reverend gentleman. Most men, however, will probably regard the matter under consideration as not so much a right as a duty and privilege. If Anglicana condescends to show herself, a man should look to his heart's content and be thankful. For, first of all, it is a cheap sight, as most people count cheapness—that is to say, you pay no money for it. You may pay in other ways—such as heart-ache, sleeplessness, inability to help it, and so on—I don't say you don't; in fact, I should be inclined to say you do; but, as a commercial people talks, it is cheap. There are very few places where you can see "a vision of fair women," even on canvas, lifeless, paint-bedaubed, garmentless, for nothing. At the National Gallery, and one or two other institutions you may; but they'll insist upon taking care of your umbrella for you, or inveigle you into buying a catalogue, or manage matters so that you don't get off without some sort of payment. But you may see Anglicana in the flesh, unpainted, (very often,) smothered in garments, for nothing. If you wish to have your body completely at rest so as to stare at her with all your eyes and do nothing else, you may arrange that for a penny, or, at the most, twopence. You have only to go to the "Drive" in Hyde Park, (where, according to the newspapers, the aristocracy and the plutocracy are in the habit of "taking an airing"—high-born or wealthy persons being, I suppose, naturally damp,) and sit down in one of the chairs, (made, apparently, out of old bird-cages,) enticingly placed against the railings just where the "Drive" is met by "Rotten Row." You may imagine at first that the chairs have been placed there by a paternal government for your gratuitous convenience, but when you have been seated long enough to imply tenancy, an affable but not aristocratic gentleman, dressed in the very depth of fashion, who has hitherto been invisible to the naked eye, will emerge from the hollow tree or the subterraneous cavern where he has been hidden, or, peradventure, even from under the chairs, where he has lain concealed, and will demand of you, in a hollow voice, your money—to the extent of a penny or twopence, according as you have chosen armed or unarmed accommodation—or your chair. Now I consider that a cheap rate at which to examine the points of your betters whilst they drive, or are driven, or ride, or walk, or lounge, a living exhibition, before you. The spectator always feels a certain superiority over the performer, and therefore, as you sit and watch Anglicana performing (acting and performing are synonymous terms) in your presence, you feel inclined to patronise her, and wish it were etiquette to cry aloud, "Brava! green bonnet!" or, "sweetly suited, blue bonnet," or, "elegantly bowed, by Jove, yellow bonnet," or, "finely posed, pink bonnet," or, "archly glanced," white bonnet," or, "well hit, black bonnet," as she sends an eye-shaft clean through Mr. Swell's white waistcoat, or to throw a bouquet to the lovely nymph who blows her nose with such an exquisite grace. But if it is a cheap sight, it is also a pleasant one; it does you good, and freshens you up; you almost feel as if a little of the splendor, and refinement, and beauty, were reflected upon yourself; and when the policeman unceremoniously holds up his hand and checks the progress of the biggest carriage with the fattest horses and the plumpest coachman, and the tallest footmen, and the haughtiest Anglicana, sitting statuesquely all alone in one corner of the vehicle, to let you and your decrepit old grandmother pass securely over the road, you feel that you live in a free country, and that you are a man and—so far as Anglicana is concerned, something more than—a brother. And yet you can't help thinking that, if it were not for the policeman, statuesquely-posed Anglicana would run over your body as unconcernedly as Tullia ran over her royal father's; for you haven't even the recommendation of kindred, let alone royalty. How touching, too, and how cheering to the hearts of the self-denying Bishops, who prance along with their wives and children (after the manner of St. Paul and the other Apostles) in their carriages and pairs, to see the literalness with which the Christian precepts are fulfilled by Christian, charitable, midnight-meeting-approving Anglicana; now she comes forth adorned not with "broidered hair, and pearls, and costly array," but as a woman professing godliness with "good works," (wrought by Parisian *modistes* after the most approved Parisian fashions.) And seeing the glances which Anglicana casts at Anglicana, (better dressed than herself,) and hearing the remarks which one makes upon the other, a New Zealander would doubtless exclaim, as the wonder-stricken heathen of old, "how these Christians love one another!" For my part, I think the love is confined principally to the opposite sexes of Christians; and even then I doubt if there be so much of it as there might be. But to return to the sight. Let me speak a few words of warning to those who go to see the "grand vehicular performance of Anglicana during the season, gratis." If you desire, as of course you do, to see loveliness of that kind which makes the very heart laugh with delight, look not into the tall carriages with mammoth horses, and ineffable harness, and Rhadamanthine coachman, and gigantic lacqueys, keeping a precarious footing upon a quivering board by means of bell-ropes, whether they be close or open. For if they be close, and you peer in, you will most likely discover two old grandams of high lineage, no doubt, and high cheek-bones, but withal of a mummy-like appearance, and swaying about with the motion of the vehicle in a manner *suggestive* of anything but sobriety, its only *appearance*, of course, but it looks bad. If they be open, you may sometimes see Venus in the flesh, but very seldom; it is usually Juno or Minerva, alone, proud, stern, statuesque, looking as if she never broke into motion except at meal-times, and occasionally she is accompanied by Anglicanas of the same stamp, whose hat must be a continual aggravation to rearward Tummas, and must tempt him grievously to "bonnet" his "gov'nor." Look not again at her who is driving that splendid pair of high-stepping ponies; she is fair indeed, but frail as fair; she is Anonyma and Anadea; she is nameless, and shamelessness personified. But look into yonder comfortable, not too highly-poised open carriage, with the slack-looking, steady-going, lazy-pacing country horses; there you shall see, most likely, roses and lilies fresh from the fields, come for the first time to lose their freshness in the gaseous atmosphere of "the Season." The mother looks half joy, half anxiety; but the daughters beam with unalloyed enjoyment, their faces are mobile, their tongues are busy, their smiles interminable, their laughter frequent. Or look into yon crowded brougham; it seems first of all a chaos of muslin, but soon you discover a play of feature, a flash of eyes, a gleam of hair, a glitter of teeth, and a twinkle of smiles. It is the beauty that lurks in the quiet suburbs, that "keeps no carriage," that "seldom goes out." Aunt has crammed as much of it into her brougham as her brougham will hold; and you'll certainly acknowledge, as you gaze, that loveliness lingers in suburban haunts. Or peep into yonder hired fly (they call it a brougham, but it's really a fly) with the flea-bitten gray horse, and the driver who looks as private as he can. You see an old lady and two young ones—two rose-buds, not yet burst into bloom. It's the Lady Principal and two young maidens from the "college" where they teach everything, from comportment to Chinese. The "brougham" is hired three times a week, and the young ladies are taken out by turns to learn how to "enter and leave a carriage," and how to behave themselves when they are in it. "Really, Miss Pills," says the Lady Principal, "if you smile as you look out of the window when a gentleman is attracted by you, you'll lay yourself open to misconstruction. You've no idea what brazen characters drive about in this place. I declare that impudent man is waving his handkerchief in this direction—Miss Pills—Miss Chandler—lean back both of you, I beg. Oh! I see—it must have been intended for that painted creature who has just driven past. You can resume your positions." So the pretty, eager, innocent faces peer forth again; and you feel as if the sunshine visited you. The Lady Principal, I am told, lays down rules for the exact time the foot must rest upon the step, both getting in and getting out; the amount of stocking, to an inch, that must be shown; the number of shakes that must be given to the dress upon alighting; the height to which the dress must be raised in transit from the "brougham" up the steps, to the street-door; the mode of grasping the parasol so as best to display the gloved hand; and the angle at which the right elbow must be bent. In fact, the "drive" is, they tell me, a sort of examination; so that after returning home the Lady Principal has her companions into her private room, and addresses them after this fashion:—"Miss Pills, I'm very much pleased with you, my dear; your manner of entering and alighting from the brougham was admirable. It quite reminded me of the Countess of D———'s style; and as you settled your feet upon the step to alight, I observed a most aristocratic-looking gentleman so much struck that he positively turned round twice—which would have been rude had not the reason been so palpable. As for you, Miss Chandler, I must request you to learn by heart, and repeat to me before breakfast to-morrow morning, La Fontaine's fable, 'La Besace.' You managed to get your dress into a perfect huddle behind, and both upon entering and alighting I actually saw—how—you—fasten—your stockings. It is positively shocking!"

At railway stations also, you may see Anglicana "cheap," and the prettiest kind of Anglicana, too, for everybody must travel at some time, and must travel (in most cases) by rail. There is one strong objection, however, to this course; that if you are seen constantly loitering about railway stations, the police begin to suspect you, and connect you with the loss of any property which may be missed from the waiting-room or the platform; and if you gave the true explanation of your conduct, neither police nor police-magistrate, I fancy, would believe you; or the magistrate, if he did, would most likely desire that your friends should be communicated with, and requested to have an eye upon you. And yet I have heard of a man who used to haunt a railway station for a less satisfactory reason. He had retired from business, and having nothing to do, used to meet every train which stopped at his village, but when he was asked his reason for it, could give none more satisfactory than that he had "seen a Dook once." Now, I would far rather see Anglicana than a Royal "Dook," especially if she were like either of two sylphs I saw the last time I took a "cheap sight," in green bonnets, and who made me sing—

Green grow the bonnets, oh!
Green grow the bonnets, oh!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amongst the—&c. R. B.

☞ A model certificate is the following:—"Dear Doctor, I will be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For over eighty-four years have been an invalid, unable to step except when moved with a lever. But a year ago I heard of your granicular sirup. I bought a bottle, smelt the cork, and found myself a man. I can now run twelve miles and a half in an hour, and throw nineteen somersaults without stopping. No family should be an hour without the Granicular Sirup."

From the Christian Times.

HAVE SEWING MACHINES ANY CONNECTION WITH RELIGION?—Pray, good people, be not in haste to accuse us of irreverence when you read the question at the head of this article. We intend to prove that an overworked woman can be a better Christian with a sewing-machine than without one; and we have been incited to the working out of this problem (if it be one) by having read a story in "Harper's for June," called "The Letter G," which was full of sense, humor and feeling; and our impulse became more firmly fixed by finding, the day after, a letter in one of the papers from a clergyman, evidently, from the address, one of those hard-working, self-sacrificing missionaries whose labors are so poorly rewarded in this world. Here is an extract from the letter:

"Messrs. Willcox & Gibbs:—My wife says that your machine is absolutely a Christian institution, for now she can find leisure to read, meditate, and pray; when, in the old sad times, 'stitch, stitch, stitch,' wore her out, mind and body. She also says that one of its chief excellencies is the possibility of ripping a seam, if desired, without the slightest injury to the fabric, but which seam, notwithstanding, will never rip in wear. She tells me that the very shape of your machine, which, curiously enough, makes an exact letter G, involuntarily suggests thoughts of a dear little guardian, which has come to minister to her needs, changing her with its winsome help, from a broken-down, miserable creature, into a gladsome, grateful, good wife. We are, indeed, thankful."

"A gladsome, grateful, good wife!" with time to "read, meditate, and pray."

Is not the question answered? As life is the gift of Heaven, is it not a part of religion to enjoy it? And if a poor woman's whole existence is wrought into "band, gusset, and seam," can she effectually answer the ends of her creation?

Every church in this great, prosperous city has its missionary work to do. Every church supports one or more laborers in fallow fields far away. With the next box of clothing, or other supplies sent to a missionary, give the wife, if there be one, a sewing-machine; and let your money come out of your pockets for this good, good object, not like a sound tooth, but like a cork out of a soda-water bottle; and thus shall sad-hearted women be changed into "gladsome, good wives," and have leisure to "read, meditate, and pray," as a Christian should.

☞ The strong-minded sisterhood ought to be content with the "enlargement of the sphere of woman" that has taken place since the introduction of hoops. The original Eve was Adam's bone, but our Eves are whalebone.

SCULL'S CONTINENTAL COFFEE AT THE SANITARY FAIR.—Visitors at the Fair can have an opportunity of testing the superior quality of this Coffee, at Mr. Scull's stand in the Refreshment Department. The Coffee is ready-made, and served to all who call, and those who are prejudiced against prepared coffee can be here convinced that they have found the article that has the flavor, richness and strength of Java, at a reasonable price. It can be purchased at the Fair, and from grocers in the city and country. The wholesale depot is at No. 132 Arch street.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION.

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

The greatest known remedy. It strengthens, heals, purifies, promotes expectoration, and has cured very many hopeless cases of Consumption. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. Sold by Druggists and dealers.
jel-eow

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy; they have been thoroughly tested, and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired. For Military Officers and those who often over-tax the voice, they are useful in relieving an Irritated Throat, and will render articulation easy. To the soldier exposed to sudden changes in the weather they will give prompt relief in Coughs and Colds, and can be carried in the pocket to be taken as occasion requires.

TO CLEAR THE HOUSE OF FLIES,

Use Dutcher's Celebrated

LIGHTNING FLY-KILLER,

a neat, cheap article, easy to use. Every sheet will kill a quart. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

FRENCH, RICHARDS & CO., 10th and Market Streets, Philadelphia, wholesale agents. jel8-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. John J. Jones, Mr. CALANDER F. KNECHER, to Miss MARY A. HORN, both of this city.

On the 10th of May, by the Rev. J. R. Peters, STEPHEN C. SINGLETON, to Miss EMILY P. JONES, both of this city.

On the 2d of June, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. EPHRAIM B. MILLER, to Miss MARGARET L. BIDDLE, both of this city.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. Mr. Kellogg, Mr. ALONZO ROBERMAN, to Miss MARY E. ROSE, both of this city.

In San Francisco, Cal., May 14th, by the Rev. Mr. Goodwin, Mr. HOLLAND SMITH, to Miss MARY J. KNORR, daughter of George Knorr, Esq., of this city.

On the 2d of June, by the Rev. Dr. Suddards, Mr. JOHN PIATH, to Miss ANNA TAYLOR, both of this city.

On the 11th of June, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, THOMAS M. WEAVER, to ANNIE M., daughter of J. A. Harris, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Before Petersburg, Va., June 17th, Gen. JAMES St. C. MORTON, U. S. Vol'rs., Major Engineers U. S. A., Chief Engineer 9th corps.

On the 21st of June, FREDERICK DREER, in his 83d year.

On the 21st of June, EDWARD PRESTON, Jr., in his 45th year.

On the 21st of June, HESTER BENTLEY, in her 37th year.

On the 20th of June, Capt. ALEX. CAMPBELL, of Co. F, 183d reg't, Pa. Vols.

On the 20th of June, HARVEY MEAD, in his 66th year.

On the 19th of June, ISRAEL T. POMEROY, in his 69th year.

On the 19th of June, CHARLES SMITH, aged 35 years, of 20th reg't P. V.

On the 18th of June, B. GERHARD, Esq., in his 54th year.

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☞ Major Murphy, of the Missouri cavalry, was confined and started for home, having been pronounced by the surgeon dead of spotted fever. When being fastened up he awoke and inquired what was being done with him. The incident is not, we believe, unusual in spotted fever and some other diseases.

☞ A young woman, about nineteen years of age, residing at Jamestown, Chautauqua county, N. Y., takes the lead of her sex in agricultural labor. One of her brothers is in the army; the second has been in the service, but returned home a cripple; and the father is also disabled. Unable to hire help on the farm, the young woman went into the field. She is not slow, having covered one thousand and fifty hills of corn in five hours some three weeks ago. She was "dragging in oats" when last heard from.

☞ English papers are telling a story about the Shakspeare Oak-planting at Primrose Hill, London. The committee had designed to call the locality Shakspeare Hill, which name was much buzzed about during the ceremonies. An eminently practical cockney, hearing this, exclaimed, "Shakspeare Hill?—why, I thought he was dead!"

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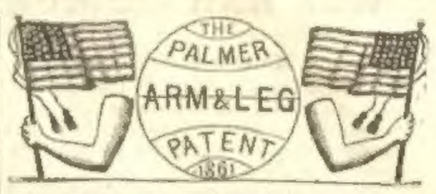

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" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

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This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfectly healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder.

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TIGHTNESS OF THE CHEST.—We sneeze, a slight, thin, sharp, laborous matter comes from our nose; we have heaviness of the head, great oppression of the chest, some tightness, and a little tenderness in the region of the lungs. Now, attention must be given to this state of facts, or inflammation of the lungs, or congestion may take place, and death be with us before we are aware.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

May two, four, or six, according to age, sex and constitution, must be taken. They must purge very freely, drink warm drinks while the fever lasts, and as a diet eat plenty of good Indian meal gruel or chicken broth, with plenty of rice in it. By this treatment, on the second or third day the disease will be cured. This complaint is going the rounds, and will be followed by dysentery and diarrhœa, but they will be cured by the same process. The wise will have Brandreth's Pills where they can be easily laid hold on, and by taking them by the directions, safety and health will follow,

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Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. jy2-2teow

WIT AND HUMOR.

Matters of Course.

There are certain things in this world which have so uniformly turned out in the same way, that nobody dreams of their resulting in any other. In short, they are set down as "matters of course." For example:

When a bank suspends specie payments, it is always done for the public good, as a matter of course.

If the said bank becomes irretrievably insolvant, and is forced to liquidate its affairs, the directors publish a card stating that the assets are amply sufficient to pay everything, as a matter of course.

People who put any degree of confidence in such statements are always deceived and disappointed, as a matter of course.

When a man commits a murder, or a forgery, and is detected and tried, he is proved to be insane, as a matter of course.

When a fire occurs, whether it proves destructive of property or not, it is the work of an incendiary, as a matter of course.

When two locomotives come into collision on a railroad, destroying each other, knocking half a dozen cars to pieces, killing a dozen passengers, and wounding twice as many more, the public are promised full information concerning the same, as a matter of course.

When such information comes, if at all, it exculpates everybody from blame, as a matter of course.

When a quack medicine is invented, it is tremendously puffed, as a matter of course.

But everybody who believes one-half that is stated of its wonderful virtues, gets egregiously humbugged, as a matter of course.

Every man of intelligence and common sense is a subscriber to a newspaper, and, if he is honest, he pays his subscription punctually, as a matter of course.

Managing a Husband.

"How do you manage your husband, Mrs. Croaker? Such a job as I have of it with Smith."

"Easiest thing in the world, my dear; give him a twitch backward when you want him to go forward. For instance, you see, to-day I had a loaf of cake to make.

"Well, do you suppose because my body is in the pastry room, my soul need be there too? Not a bit of it. I am thinking of all sorts of celestial things all the while.

Now, Croaker has a way of tagging round at my heels, and bringing me plump down in the midst of my aerial flights, by asking me the price of sugar I am using.

"Well, you see, it drives me frantic; and when I woke up this morning, and saw this furious storm, I knew I had him on my hands for the day, unless I managed right; so I told him that I hoped he wouldn't go out to catch his death this weather; that if he was not capable of taking care of himself, I should do it for him; that it was very lonesome rainy days, and that I wanted him to stay home and talk with me; at any rate he mustn't go out, and I hid his umbrella and India-rubbers. Well, of course he was right up, (just as I expected!) and in less than ten minutes was streaking down the street at the rate of ten miles an hour.

"You see there's nothing like understanding human nature; no woman should be married till she is thoroughly posted up in this branch of education."

Diplomatic Doctor.

Some years ago a celebrated doctor, a great admirer of music, was visiting the South, and was petted in society. A fashionable lady friend of his had two pretty daughters, who had just finished their education at a "boarding school" in Philadelphia. Our friend, the doctor, was invited to dine and hear the girls play upon the piano. He was asked for his favorite tune, and he requested the fair performer to play Duke of York's March. It was performed, but with such grand flourishes and variations that he saw or heard but little or any of Duke of York's March in it. He was again asked for his preference. Thinking that he was misunderstood in the first instance, he again said in a little louder voice, "Duke of York's March, madam!" It was again performed as at first, but he still could not make it out his favorite, the Duke of York's March. Upon being called upon the third time, he spoke very loud: "Duke—of—York's—March!"

"Why, doctor," replied the lady, "the Duke of York's March has been played twice for you."

"Well, well," said the doctor, with great coolness, "the young ladies have played it so well I should be delighted to hear it a third time!"

"Sambo, am you posted in the natural sciences?"

"Ob course I is; sartingly."

"Then can you tell me the cause of the great blight in potatoes for the last ten years?"

"Oh! dat's easy enough. It's all owing to the rot-tater-y motion ob de earth."

Queer Trials.

A sow, in 1403, killed and devoured a child in Mendan. All the forms of trial followed, and here is the bill of cost:—

"Expenses of the sow within gaol, six sols.

"Expenses of the executioner, who came from Paris by order of our master the Bailli, and the 'procursur du roi,' fifty-four sols.

"Expenses for carriage of sow to execution, six sols.

"Expenses for cord to bind and drag her, two sols, eight deniers.

"Expenses for '*gans*,' (sac.) two deniers."

Pigs were tried and burnt for assaulting or killing children, and horses also for killing people; as one was at Dijon, in 1389, for killing its master. Bertrand Chassanee, President of the Parliament of Province, defended the rats who were indicted, even so late as the beginning of the sixteenth century. In a work which he published in 1531, he decides that animals are amenable to trial; and gives accounts of indictments against May-bugs and snails at Autun and Lyons, and of the celebrated "Cause des Rats," in which he was counsel for the defendants. A treatise was published, even so late as 1668, by Gaspard Bailly, a lawyer of Chambery, on legal proceedings against animals, with forms of indictments and modes of pleading.

Such trials have taken place in England also. An account of one of these trials, of a dog, was published in a pamphlet; from which it appears that the trial took place near Chichester in 1771, and that the chief actors in it were four country gentlemen named Butler, Aldridge, Challen and Bridger. A clever burlesque of this trial was written by Edward Long, Esq., Judge of the Admiralty Court in Jamaica; but it was founded on fact. Such proceedings appear strange to us, and may seem unaccountable; but they were, after all, but a grave and formal mode of proceeding, for the end which is attained in our days by a more summary process—the destruction of animals who have been the cause of death, or serious injury to man. In this country, nothing of this kind has taken place. If the animal be dangerous, we kill him without ceremony.

FLORENCE.—"Well, Tommy, and so you like your little Cousin Philip, do you; and how old do you think he is?"

TOMMY.—"Well, I don't exactly know; but I should think he was *rather* old, for he *blows his own nose!*"

Napoleon Scared by a Clock.

The course of victory continued incessantly, and so early as October 25, Napoleon wrote from Potsdam to Joseph, "I will crush the Russians when they arrive, and I do not fear the Austrians." In the royal palace he found everything just as the legitimate owners had left it. So extraordinary was the prevailing stupidity that no attempt had been made to save the private papers of the royal family, and Napoleon was able to examine the letters of Queen Louise. In the study of Frederick the Great, at Sans Souci, he had, or affected to have, an attack of reverence. "Gentlemen," he said to his suite, as he took off his hat, "this is a spot that merits our respect." But he yielded to the vanity of sending the sword of the mighty dead as a trophy to Paris; and when the Prussians asked for it back in 1814, it came out that Jerome had been so dishonorable as to have the revered relic destroyed.

On one of the nights that Napoleon spent at Charlottenburg, his slumbers were disturbed. The divine comedy of history has also comic interludes. In Frederick William's dining-room, close to the conqueror's bed-chamber, there stood a large musical clock, which admirably imitated a band of trumpets. At midnight the row began; trumpets echoed through the palace; the servants, the adjutants, Napoleon himself, leaped out of bed, and every one believed in a surprise. But soon everything was quiet again, and no one could make out where the trumpets were. Sentinels were posted, a part of the adjutants remained up, and at one o'clock there was the same row again, this time in one of the rooms. They rushed in, and the innocent clock was detected before the tune was ended. Napoleon the Great, the *ecraseur* of the Prussian monarchy, sleeping in the palace of the Queen of Prussia, and frightened by a musical clock!

CAT AND DOG LIFE.—The account which an "Old Maid" gives of her cat and dog is so entertaining that I am tempted to offer to you a little bit of personal experience in the ways of cats and dogs. I have known several cats and dogs living together, always in the greatest harmony. There is a pussy which dwells with two dogs, and agrees with both, although they are very rough in their play, and one of them is a bull-terrier; she not only eats off the same dish, with the utmost complacency, but absolutely sits on them, and goes to sleep on their backs, to which, as she is yet young and light, they do not object. Sometimes she is very frisky, and plays with the dogs, taking refuge in a tree or on a table when her companions become too violent; she prefers the bull-terrier, and makes no secret of her preference, which evidently flatters him, as he will submit with the most remarkable patience to her habit of scratching until she inflicts such intolerable pain that he is obliged to utter a cry of distress. Puss, unlike an "Old Maid's" favorite, is not a clever animal, and never does anything worthy of chronicling, beyond the fact that she is an excellent mouser. A canine friend of mine, used to make a favorite of a cat, and petted her kittens so much that whenever he found them straying, he would take them in his mouth and carry them to the maternal bed. Whenever the children had the kittens, he would sit on his hind-legs, begging to have them given him.—*E. C. C.*

JEWISH WOMEN.—The Jewish maiden of fifteen, with her wonderful black eyes, warm olive complexion and pouting lips, is truly a charming creature; but the rapid way in which this lithe graceful form and beautiful features become encased, cushrouded under layer after layer of fat, as soon as she is out of her teens, makes one stand much in awe of Israelitish matronhood. A year or two at that critical age makes such a change, even in a Hebrew Venus, that I think some allowance was to be made, after all, for the cooling down of Ivanhoe's passion for Rebecca. —*Chambers's Journal.*

Anecdote of Lord Palmerston.

Dumas is responsible for the following:—

"Some months before my departure for Spain, I was with Victor Hugo, at a grand evening reception given by the Duc Decazes, at the Luxembourg. Lord Palmerston came to this reception. The Duke presented to him the political personages who swarmed in his saloon. But, as we were only poets and romance-writers, the presentation of Victor Hugo and myself was forgotten. We consoled ourselves by chatting away a portion of the evening in a corner of the saloon. It appeared that Lord Palmerston had inquired who were the two misanthropic beings that thus chatted together; they had told him our names, but not being presented, English etiquette positively forbade him to address a word to us. This is what occurred. Our two arm-chairs—that of Victor Hugo and mine—were touching each other.

"The Duc de G——— came to me and said: 'I do not know what is Lord Palmerston's object, but he wishes that for a moment you should sit upon the arm-chair which is to your right, and thus leave vacant the one upon which you are at present sitting.'

"I was satisfied to salute Lord Palmerston from my place, and to do as he desired. Lord Palmerston then arose and took Lady Palmerston by the hand, and led her with marked solemnity to the vacant chair, seated her, and pointed with his finger to the clock.

"'My lady,' said he, 'have the kindness to tell me the hour.'

"'It is a quarter past eleven, my lord.'

"'Well, my lady,' replied his lordship, 'always remember, that at a quarter past eleven in the evening of this day, you have had the honor of being seated between Messrs. Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas, who are two of the first literary characters of France; an honor which, during your life, you may never have again. Come, my lady.'

"My lady arose, and, with the same solemnity as they came, he reconducted her to her place, without addressing to either of us a single word."

☞ At the last sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a paper by M. Loir was sent in by the Minister of the Interior, in which the author endeavored to show that a quantity of electricity was produced in large factories, and might be turned to account by means of the straps which generated it by their friction, in communicating motion to the machinery.

☞ Gen. Kilpatrick, the cavalry leader, is described as a rather slender, wiry, active looking man, whom his men call *kill-cavalry*, for making them work as never before.

☞ Louis Napoleon has become so corpulent that his figure is quite short and rotund, giving him, with his long nose, a strong resemblance to Punch.

AGRICULTURAL.

Agricultural Croakers Rebuked.

As the farmer, of all men, seems nearest to God in his works, he should be the most faithful and the most confiding. But it has been said—though it may be slanderously—that of all men they are the greatest croakers, and have the least hope and faith. It is too wet or too dry—there is too much or too little produced. If too little, it does not pay, at prices ever so high; if too much, the crops will not reward the harvesting. There are worms and birds, bugs and mildews, and diseases to cattle and vines, named and unknown, that are present or anticipated. There is a story told of an eccentric lawyer, Burgess, who was famous in his village for his skeptical notions and also for his wit. He was once listening to a group of farmers—pious men lingering about the church-door, as is the custom in the country—to talk of the bad weather, the fly, the rot, the drought and the wet, when one turned to Burgess, and asked, "How comes on your garden?"

"I never plant anything," replied Burgess, with a solemn face; "I am afraid to put even a potato in the ground."

"It's no wonder," groaned one of the most eminently pious persons present, "it's no wonder, for a man who disbelieves in religion could not expect to have his labors blessed."

"I am not afraid of failing in my reward for my work," replied Burgess, "but, I am afraid that agricultural labor will make me profane. If I planted a single potato, what would be the result? Why, I should get up in the morning, look about and growl—'it's going to rain, and it will ruin my potatoes;' then in dry weather I should say—'the drought will kill my potatoes;' then I should be unhappy because the rot might destroy my potatoes; in fact, gentlemen," concluded Burgess, in a solemn manner, "I should be afraid to do anything that would induce me constantly to distrust Providence."—*Newburyport Herald.*

PEAS WITH POTATOES.—When planting your potatoes, drop from six to eight peas in each hill, or if in a row, every three or four inches a single pea. In this way a crop may be raised at very small expense. As the peas start early in the season, they will be sufficiently advanced to be out of the way by the time the potatoes are large enough to hoe. Peas raised in this way generally suffer less from the attacks of the bug or fly; the crop will also be much purer or free from extraneous matters, which are an injury to the peas, whether designed for market or for domestic use. The large marrofat pea is perhaps the best variety that can be selected for this mode of cultivation. It yields well, is highly edible, and commands a remunerative price in the market. Where the soil is rich, it exhibits an incorrigible tendency to produce an exorbitant quantity of haulm, with few pods and few perfectly developed peas. Planted with potatoes, these habits are reversed.—*Ger. Tel.*

HOW TO STOP A LEAKY ROOF.—This recipe is rather late for this season, but it is easy to remember, so I will write it while I think of it. Cover the roof with canvass of some kind, boil coal tar till it lays still in the kettle; make a swab of a piece of sheepskin with wool on, and swab the tar on hot; give it two coats and the job is done. I had a roof that leaked, four years ago last fall; I simply covered it with drilling, and the next fall I swabbed two-thirds of it with pine or common tar, and the other third, as an experiment, I covered with coal tar as above; the result was that the part covered with pine tar, all rotted and came off in one year, while that portion covered with coal tar, is apparently as good as ever.—*A. Clark, in Cul. Farmer.*

BUGS ON VINES.—Every spring numerous inquiries are made how to protect vines from bugs. I am not troubled with any. Whether it is accidental or the result of my practice I wish my readers to determine this spring. When a boy of ten or twelve, I had my little garden under my own care. My grandfather taught me that if I wished healthy vines, to soak my seed from twelve to twenty-four hours in wood soot and water.

After having been away from the farm for some years, I am, for the last four years, back again, and remembering the advice given me when I was a boy, I have soaked my seed and raised splendid vines, entirely free from bugs.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

SPECIMENS OF WOOL.—Some valuable hints are given by the Rural New-Yorker, on the proper way of taking and preserving specimens of wool. They should be carefully cut off close to the skin with a sharp knife or pair of scissors—never *pulled* out by the outer end. They should not be stretched a particle, which injures the crimp; and especially they should not be drawn through the fingers which destroys both crimp and lustre. It is better not to handle them at all. They preserve their natural yolkiness and gloss much better done up in oiled silk, or tea-chest lead, than in paper. They yellow less if kept from the air.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

CHINESE CEMENT.—Pulverised flint glass, ground well with the white of an egg, will make a cement for china impossible to break.

SOAP.—Bar soap should be cut into pieces of a convenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks before using it, as it spends fast when it is new.

ALKALINE STAINS.—These are the opposite of acid stains—they change vegetable blues to green, red to violet, green to yellow, yellow to brown, and annato to red. They are to be treated with acids. The writer once had a new pair of dark cloth pantaloons changed to a light brown below the knees, by riding on a load of fresh lime in a storm. "Oh! you have ruined your clothes!" was the exclamation; but he deliberately procured a cup of vinegar, and sponging the cloth gradually, completely restored the color, and then again sponging off the compound, left them as good as before.

NUTMEGS.—To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

TO CLEAN RIBBONS.—Take one table-spoonful of brandy, one of soft soap, and one of treacle. Mix thoroughly together; place the ribbon upon a smooth board, and apply the mixture with a soft brush; after which rinse in cold water, then roll up in a cloth until nearly dry; iron with a flatiron, not too hot.

RICE CAKES.—Have ready nine fresh eggs, 1-2 pound of ground rice, 1-2 pound of flour, 1-2 pound of pounded loaf-sugar, the rind of one lemon, a little orange flower-water, and some carraway seeds. Beat the eggs thoroughly, and then mix in the sugar, the rice, the flour, and the carraway seeds, thickly or sparely according to fancy. Grate in the peel of a lemon, and beat the batter, until the beating has gone on for an hour from the time of first beating up the eggs. This time may be increased, but it must not be shortened, and the batter must be immediately divided into little cakes, and placed in the oven.

ANOTHER RECEIPT.—Sweeter cakes of the same kind may be made by following the same instructions, using the following proportions in the ingredients—6 oz. of ground rice, 6 oz. of flour, 1 pound of pounded loaf-sugar, nine eggs, carraway seeds, &c. I prefer the first receipt, as I do not think excessive sweetness an improvement to little cakes, but this, of course, is only a matter of taste; some persons like things of the kind to be very sweet.

GAUFFRES.—The necessary ingredients are six new-laid eggs 1-2 pound of fresh butter, 1-2 pint of cream, 1-2 pound of flour, a little yeast, and the rind of a lemon. Beat up the yolks of six eggs, with the butter, and add the cream, the flour, a teaspoonful of yeast, a little salt, a little rose-water, and the grated rind of one lemon. Mix all by beating up the batter thoroughly, and set it in a warm place, to rise, for an hour. Whisk up the whites of the six eggs and mix them with the batter, and bake the gauffres over a slow stove until they are crisp.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 135 letters.

My 60, 38, 108, 74, 50, 123, is a term in Jewish theology.

My 1, 6, 23, 97, 80, 70, 13, 117, 135, 121, was a name of distinction given to the disciples of Osiander.

My 5, 89, 89, 34, 119, 126, 16, 88, 132, 55, 45, 92, 134, 93, was the name of a sect which sprang out of the Eutychians.

My 105, 83, 124, 79, 11, 59, 17, 62, 114, 41, was a secret society founded May 1st, 1776.

My 49, 9, 18, 43, 31, 27, 22, 84, 10, 51, was a denomination of Calvinistic dissenters.

My 133, 127, 98, 27, 102, 21, 6, 71, 26, 36, 103, 51, was a sect of ancient heretics.

My 54, 5, 125, 28, 24, 65, 47, 53, 112, 30, 51, was a religious order of monks founded in 1148.

My 2, 19, 82, 9, 69, 40, 106, 89, 129, 17, 51, was a religious order of monks founded in 1209.

My 14, 100, 35, 16, 80, 15, 41, 37, 57, 106, was a denomination of the third century.

My 104, 5, 85, 130, 91, 89, 49, 63, 108, 51, was a denomination of heretics of the third century.

My 3, 29, 22, 52, 4, 116, 70, 121, 76, 51, was a sect of the sixth century.

My 56, 87, 33, 7, 6, 66, 5, 133, 26, 109, 17, 51, was a sect of the second century.

My 25, 44, 13, 86, 75, was the great-grandchild of Shem.

My 48, 111, 16, 19, 81, 6, was a country on the north-east of Canaan.

My 32, 82, 56, 5, 40, was the son of Jesse.

My 68, 67, 3, 58, 82, 5, was a city twelve miles from Samaria.

My 115, 99, 45, 75, 78, 9, was a city twenty-two miles south of Jerusalem.

My 122, 64, 63, 18, 118, 17, was a city in Syria.

My 51, 80, 81, 46, 61, 10, 49, 72, 75, 7, 83, 110, 22, 31, 17, 51, was a denomination of the sixteenth century.

My 120, 90, 88, 101, 107, 1, 39, is a kind of fish.

My 113, 94, 19, 33, was a synod which met in the year 1618.

My 77, 67, 42, 95, 60, 31, 6, 1, 51, 37, 100, was a denomination which sprung up in the year 1598.

My whole is an old proverb.

Pittsburg, Pa. GEO. IRWIN.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 21, 16, 5, 23, 12, is a General of the present war.

My 18, 7, 27, 12, 19, 8, was an English poet.

My 4, 7, 6, is a boy's nickname.

My 22, 17, 25, is a part of the head.

My 18, 11, 3, 24, is a month.

My 13, 7, 10, 1, 7, 14, is a girl's name.

My 9, 2, 26, 20, is what the rebels now have.

My whole is a celebrated General of the present war. BUNK.

Jackson, Mich.

Charade.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first belongs to the alphabet,
And leads off bold and free;
My second is a kind of cake
That's often used at tea.
My third, where linger happy bands,
Within the lighted hall,
Makes up, as music fills the air,
A joyous festival.
My whole a rich supply bestows,
And holds grim want at bay.
Kind reader, may its blessings rest
Forever round thy way.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Riddle.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.

Remove my 1st, and the remainder is the cause of wind.

Remove my 1st and 2d, and the remainder is what every one does.

Remove my 1st, 2d and 3d, and the remainder is a preposition.

My whole is a grain.

Norristown.

Arithmetical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—The least fraction which, when expanded as a decimal, will give the digits (except 8) all in their regular order.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required to find, the least quantity of sheet-lead of 1-5th of an inch thick to make a cistern to contain 85 gallons of ale measure, where the length, breadth and thickness are in arithmetical proportion. GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What kind of food is most proper at funeral dinners? Ans.—Lam' and 'taters (lamentators.)

☞ When is an umbrella like a person convalescent? Ans.—When it is re-covered.

☞ Why would two carried pick-a-back by their father be equal in all respects? Ans.—Because they would be upon a par (pa.)

☞ Why are thieves particularly lucid? Ans.—Because they display the greatest *purse-pick-uity.*

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Sergt. Wm. V. Befgay, Chestnut Hill Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa. CHARADE—Dandelion (Dan-Dee-Lie-on.) DOUBLE REBUS—James Fenimore Cooper, "The Spy," and "The Pioneers." (Joliet, Ash, Maine, Euphrates, Ship, February, Elmira, Newbern, New Bedford, Iscariot, March, Oracle, Reap, Eli, Cicero, Orion, Orange, Providence, Exeter, Rasselas.)

Answer to PROBLEM by Hildebert Kobel, published May 21st—24 acres, 66 perches. Walter Siverly, J. N. Soders, and D. Diefenbach.

Answer to PROBLEM by A. Martin, same date—63 feet. J. N. Soders, Walter Siverly, and the author.